In the Days of the Dandies

by

Lord Lamington

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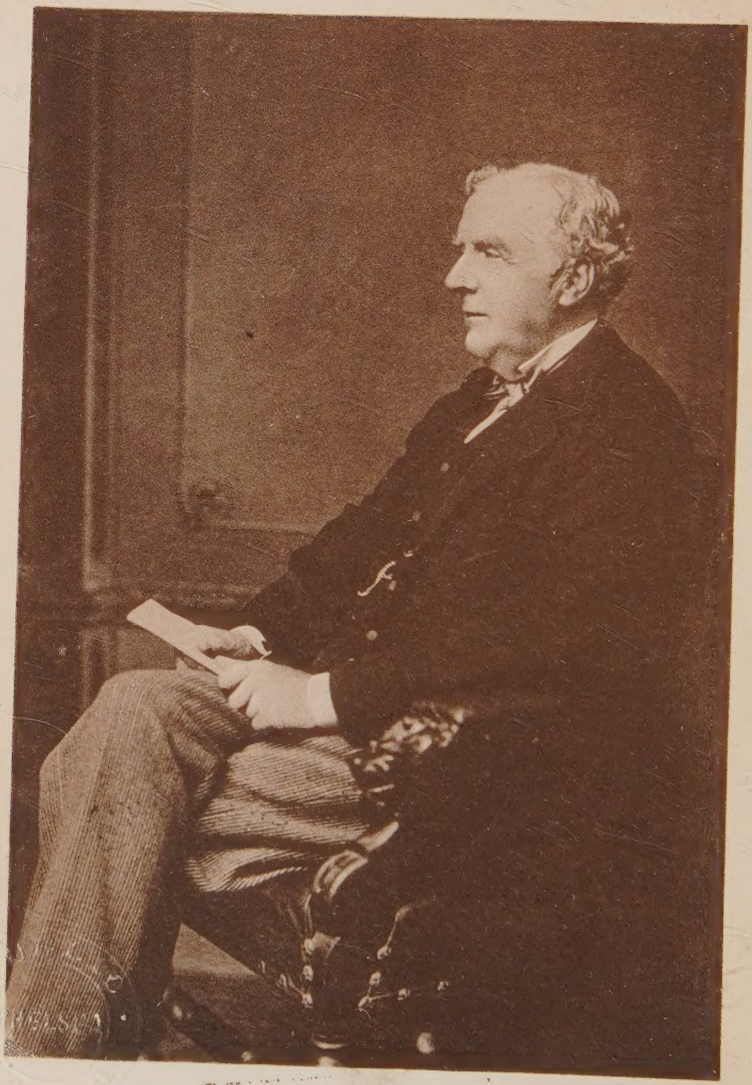

LORD LAMINGTON.

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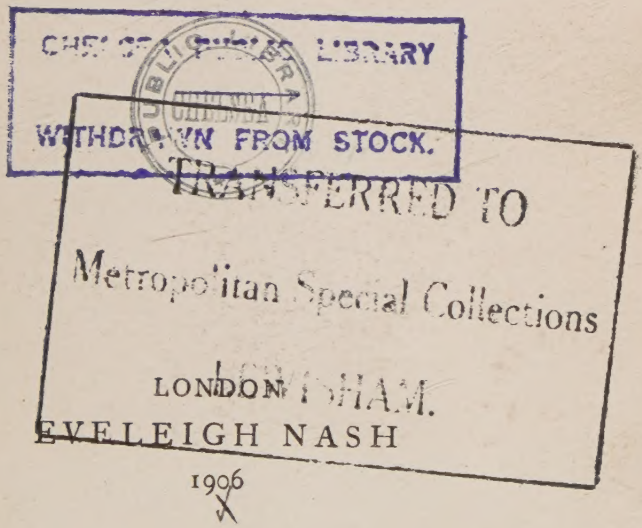
IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES

BY

ALEXANDER, LORD LAMINGTON

INTRODUCTION BY

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.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INTRODUCTION

THE FIRST LORD LAMINGTON

One of the surest and, alas! one of the rarest, sources of enjoyment is the conversation of an old man, who, having borne an active part in affairs and survived nearly all his early contemporaries, yet retains a warm sympathy with the enterprise—aye, and the foibles also—of a new generation. Among those men (it is somewhat different with women) who have attained a great age, how few has one known to retain the scintillation of youth and middle life—how many of them must be approached with nice consideration for some bodily infirmity, deafness, for instance, that deadliest of all physical bars to easy intercourse. The very rarity of an

exception enhances appreciation thereof while it lasts and sharpens regret when it passes beyond recall.

The writer of the following pages was a man of that sort. Not that he exceeded the proverbial three-score-and-ten by so many years as to unfit him for an active share in public life, but he wisely preferred to quit the stage before there was any risk of his being deemed to lag superfluous. He took a place comparatively early among those who—

"Lean on the walls and bask beneath the sun,
Chiefs who no more in bloody fights engage,
But, wise through time and narrative with age,
On summer days like grasshoppers rejoice."

It is thus that I remember him best, in his home among the pastoral uplands of the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, filling that *rôle* which seems so enviable and gracious to toilers in the throng—that of a kindly, cultivated country gentleman. From the full and varied store of memory he would allow one to

draw anecdote, allusion, counsel, without the faintest tendency to prosiness. His intellect was far too sensitive and alert to lead him into that snare. But perhaps the trait which revives warmest recognition in the retrospect of those who knew Lord Lamington was the extraordinary, unflagging interest he showed in the projects and performances of younger men—a quality wherein some of those who have risen to greater eminence than he have betrayed deplorable deficiency. One cannot but speculate what this man's career might have been, had he escaped the enervating influence of inherited wealth.

To trace the pedigree of the first Lord Lamington takes us far back in the annals of Scotland, and the task is complicated by some perplexing changes of surname. Born in the year after Waterloo, Alexander Dundas-Ross-Wishart-Baillie-Cochrane (for that was the sequence in which his patronymic

was first arranged) was the oldest son of Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Thomas Cochrane, by his first wife Matilda, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, baronet. This lady was not only heiress of the estate of Old Liston in the county of Edinburgh, but she also inherited the lands of Bonnington and Lamington in Lanarkshire through her grandmother, Margaret Baillie of Lamington, wife of Sir James Carmichael of Bonnington. Sir Charles Ross, Lady Cochrane's father, had no son by his first wife; but, at his death in 1814, he was succeeded in the title by a boy Charles, two years old, the offspring of his second marriage. The Ross-shire estate of Balnagown and the Lanarkshire estates of Lamington and Bonnington were left under trustees until the young baronet should come of age in 1833, when he was to decide which property he would have. He chose Balnagown, whereupon the

Lanarkshire estates devolved upon the son of his half-sister, young Baillie-Cochrane.

Endowed with this ample inheritance, augmented as it had been by a long minority, it would have been no cause for surprise had this young man been content to enjoy the easy life provided for him, without exerting himself to raise it to a higher level. But there was better stuff in him than that. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1837, he entered Parliament in 1841 as Conservative member for Bridport, and joined the "Young England" party, whereof the present Duke of Rutland remains the sole survivor. Disraeli, the leader of that lively group, has left us a portrait of his Scottish recruit in the character of Buckhurst in "Coningsby." In 1852, the laird of Lamington was defeated in a contest for Southampton, but he regained a seat in Parliament

in 1857, when he was returned for his own county of Lanark. From 1859 to 1868 he represented Honiton.

By this time Baillie-Cochrane had become a well-known figure in London society. He had published several books of prose and verse—"Poems," privately printed in 1838, "Meditations of other Days," in 1841, "The Morea," a poem, in 1842, several novels, besides innumerable anonymous contributions to reviews and other periodicals. He was, if not the centre, at least near the centre, of a well-defined literary circle.

The last forty years have witnessed the multiplication of periodical and journalistic enterprises to such a prodigious extent, that it is scarcely probable that the appearance of a new weekly, whatever might be its literary merit, could produce much sensation. But it was otherwise in the 'sixties; and the lively, satirical weekly entitled

The Owl, which ran from 1864 to 1868, enjoyed an extraordinary vogue.

Baillie-Cochrane was one of its joint editors, as well as a principal contributor.

In those days, Colonial governorships were much more desirable appointments than they have become since. The task of administering, or presiding over the administration of, affairs in a young community was not onerous, and the emoluments were considerable. Notwithstanding these advantages, it surprises one to find Baillie-Cochrane, at the age of fifty-two, prepared to exchange the social, literary and political connection which he had formed in London and Scotland, for picturesque exile as Governor of Cape Colony.

One does not know what inroads upon his private fortune may have been made by his hospitable habits in town and country ; at all events he accepted the said appointment when it was offered

to him in 1868. However, Disraeli's administration came to an end before the new Governor's commission was made out, and Baillie-Cochrane re-entered Parliament as member for the Isle of Wight, which he continued to represent till the general overthrow of the Conservative party at the polls in 1880. He was then raised to the peerage as Baron Lamington. At the same time, or shortly before, the order of the family name was inverted, becoming Cochrane-Baillie instead of Baillie-Cochrane.

The last decade of Lord Lamington's life was spent chiefly in the occupation of a country gentleman, improving his estate of Lamington and delighting to gather round him his old political and literary friends among whom he had always a ready welcome for younger men.

In 1890 there began to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine* a series of

anonymous papers entitled "The Days of the Dandies," which commanded an unusual degree of interest from the first and roused agreeable anticipation about what was to follow. The store of reminiscence was opened just wide enough to cause general chagrin when it was closed with a snap. Lord Lamington, the writer of these papers, now presented in this little volume, died in London on February 15, 1890.

He married in 1844 Annabella, daughter of Andrew Drummond of Cadlands, Hampshire, who survives him, and by whom he left a son and three daughters. His son, now 2nd Lord Lamington, was born in 1860, represented St. Pancras from 1886 to 1890; was Governor of Queensland from 1895 to 1901, and in 1903 was appointed Governor of Bombay, which office he continues to discharge at the present time.

The following pages contain but a

fragment of what, had the author been spared, would have been extended into a lively and trustworthy panorama of the early and middle Victorian era—not the least fruitful period in our annals.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES

IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES

Author. Well, you have read my MS., tell me frankly what you think of it.

Publisher. It is excellent, full of interest of the highest order; the historic incidents are most graphically described. I have read few works which show deeper research and a higher appreciation of the stirring events of the period you describe; to me it seems admirable.

A. I am delighted to hear this, and with your name on the title-page, it will be a success.

P. Excuse me, I have only given you my opinion of the book; I did not say that I would publish it.

A. What do you mean?

P. I mean that my opinion is *quantum*

sufficit, just what it is worth as an individual opinion; as a publisher I have to consider the public taste, and I fear a work like yours would have little chance of success. There are two styles of literature which are popular just now: with the public anything connected with mental processes of thought, of involution, evolution, metaphysical, analytical disquisitions—all the subtleties and mysteries of science, the more unintelligible the better; or it must be a startling novel, a nineteenth-century Mrs. Radcliffe style, the shilling thrilling volume of sensational incidents, worked up by the pen of a ready writer—this is what succeeds; but a work of culture and thought, men or women either have no time to read, or at any rate no time to appreciate. I am sure we should not dispose of a hundred copies of your book.

A. That's not encouraging, but I agree with you. Literature in its high and

elevated sense is quite neglected; people seem to have, as you say, no time for reflection, only for feeling. We move at railway speed; and then there are the competitive examinations, which fill and weaken the brains of half our youth, and the other are swept onward by the whirl of political or social life. So I perfectly see the force of your observations, and so far as circulation goes, I may as well throw the MS. into the fire!

P. That is the worst use you could make of it; there is still an interest in writing for the few. There are always some who retain their classic tastes, and whose presence would have been welcomed in society half a century ago, when no man could play a part there unless he was the possessor of mental acquirements. I admit they are rare now, but the approval of the intellectual minority is worth having.

A. As you say, the cultivated minds are few compared with what they were

even in my younger days, for we somehow did manage to combine the student and the society life. Then you must remember that we lived in the time when the memories of the great literary giants were still fresh in the minds of men, —Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Hallam,—what a list I might name!— had just passed away. The classics were not considered useless studies. In the occupation of time, not what would pay, but what would elevate the mind, was chiefly considered. An Oxonian told me the other day that all the historic standard works are left unread on the shelves of the Bodleian now, and no one cares for them.

P. You allude to college life. The change must be as great in all social life since you first entered it.

A. Talk of the Jubilee! no change during the last half-century has been greater than the changes in social life. You made a very true remark just now, that no man could fill a space in society

fifty years ago unless he possessed intellectual qualifications; a dandy, even, required something more than stage properties to obtain and to maintain his position.

"When wits and courtiers sought the same resorts,
All courtiers wits, and all wits fit for courts."

The extravagances of dandy life have been widely told; but these vanities were merely the ripple on the surface of superior merit. I have always heard that Brummell, who, in the time of the Regency, was the great leader of fashion, the chief of the dandies, was the possessor of great gifts of tact, of knowledge, of memory, and keenness of perception. "Had Brummell," writes a great authority in those days, "been nothing better than an elegant automaton, he would never have acquired the influence that he decidedly obtained: he would not have enjoyed the society of clever men; neither would they have thought

it worth their while to bestow a word upon him, even in their moments of relaxation. But the reverse was the case. His acquaintance was not limited to men of fashion only—it comprised a great portion of the most intellectual men of the time; and at what period of our history was there such a constellation of genius?" And Lord Byron writes: "I liked the dandies; they were all civil to me. I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at five-and-twenty. I knew them all, more or less, and they made me a member of Wattier's (a superb club at that time), —being, I take it, the only literary man, except two others (both men of the world) —Moore and Spencer—in it. Our masquerade was a grand one; so was the dandy ball too."

I will take the men I have personally known, of a far later date—Count d'Orsay, Lord Cantilupe, Lord Chesterfield, Lord

Alvanley, Sir George Wombwell, Sir Henry Mildmay, Ridley Colborne, and others. They were all men of excellent accomplishments, and dress was the least part of their merit : they understood the value

"Of employing
Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying."

They were always welcome guests, not only in fashionable but in grave political circles. To be a man of the world, was to be a man above the level of ordinary men. Count d'Orsay was a brilliant leader of the dandy class—strikingly handsome, of a splendid *physique*, a commanding appearance, an admirable horseman of the Haute École school. When he appeared in the perfection of dress (for the tailors' art had not died out with George IV.), with that expression of self-confidence and self-complacency which the sense of superiority gives, he was the observed of all. Add to this his real accomplishments—a

sculptor, an excellent artist, and the possessor of a happy faculty of seizing the expression and drawing an admirable likeness in a remarkably short time. A collection of the *habitués* of Gore House was published by Mitchell in Bond Street, and had a large sale.

P. In fact, there were Admirable Crichtons in those days ?

A. Very much so. Men took great pains with themselves—they did not slouch and moon through life ; and it was remarkable how highly they were appreciated by the crowd, not only of the upper but the lower classes. I have frequently ridden down to Richmond with Count d'Orsay. A striking figure he was in his blue coat with gilt buttons, thrown well back to show the wide expanse of snowy shirt-front and buff waistcoat ; his tight leathers and polished boots ; his well-curled whiskers and handsome countenance ; a wide-brimmed glossy hat, spotless white gloves. He

COUNT D'ORSAY.

was the very beau-ideal of a leader of fashion. As he rode through Kensington and Brompton he excited general attention. I was greatly interested in noticing the admiration with which he was regarded. What sentiment such an appearance might excite at the present day I cannot pretend to say, but at that time the effect produced was unmistakable : they stared at him as at a superior being.

P. Like Beau Brummell, he must have possessed higher qualities than even those you have mentioned.

A. He had certainly a great self-command, and most of all, great kindliness of disposition. If he were *sui profusus*, he was never *alieni appetens*. He was lavish in his generosity ; if any merit claimed kindred at Gore House it had its claim allowed. He possessed, moreover, that great quality, as I say, of self-command ; this enabled him to bear his own burden in life without

inflicting the history of his sorrows on others. During the latter years of his residence at Gore House, he could only leave it from mid-night on Saturday until the same hour on Sunday ; at all other times his creditors were on the watch to sèize him. On Saturday after twelve he was to be seen at Crockford's, always gay and smiling, as if he had no anxiety or fears. During the week-days I sometimes passed the afternoon with him in Gore House gardens, and never on any one occasion did he allude to his misfortunes. He bore in his conduct testimony to the wisdom of Jaques Roux, who says : " Happy he who mortifies the bitter pleasure of calling out at all that hurts and pains him ! he will be at peace with others and himself." This reserve I call true courage, and the Count possessed it in the highest degree. Even cruel ingratitude, which in general embitters most dispositions, failed to arouse

in him any feeling of indignation. At the time I speak of, the late Emperor Napoleon resided, when Louis Napoleon, near Gore House, where he spent all his time. When, in 1850, the Gore House establishment had to be broken up, and its occupants went to Paris, they naturally expected that the President would have shown them all possible kindness. On the contrary, he treated his old friends with coldness and indifference, and the Count even then never complained. Lady Blessington did not practise so much restraint. A good *mot* is told of her, when the President on some formal occasion asked her, " Vous pensez rester à Paris très long-temps, Milady ? " she replied, " Et vous, Monseigneur ? "

Doubtless it was difficult for the President after Count d'Orsay's prolonged self-imposed exile from France, and occupying as he did a very large space in a very important circle in English society, to place him over the

heads of those who were more ostentatiously connected with him, and who had been associated with all his schemes; but still, he should have remembered that Gore House was for a long period a real home for him in his time of anxiety and disappointment, when there seemed to be little chance of the realisation of his ambition. Count d'Orsay painted a charming picture of Lady Blessington as she presided over the nightly reunions of all that was most eminent in literature and politics and social distinction. Her face at that date was still beautiful, and she dressed with the grace beyond the reach of art, which sets off those advantages that survive even the lapse of time. It was a lesson for us of the younger generation to observe the grace with which the *grands seigneurs* bent the knee as they kissed her hand, and then addressed her beautiful niece, Marguerite Power, with such courteous words as bring "the smile to beauty's lips and

light to glorious eyes." Count d'Orsay was always rich in epigram and amusing anecdote, pleasing every one in turn by some kind remark. If any young member of Parliament had made any trifling success in the House, D'Orsay was sure to have heard of it, and to say, "Mon cher, comme vous avez bien exprimé cette idée." The occupants of Gore House bore testimony to the truth that the charm of all manner must come from the heart.

P. Did the Count die in Paris?

A. Yes. Lady Blessington did not long survive the change from her charming home and *entourage* to a new society, and after her death the Count pined away,—he had no object in life or interest left. When at last the President did offer him the place of Directeur des Beaux Arts, he was unfit for any work. I visited him at that time, and found his room all hung with black curtains, the bed and window curtains were the same;

all the souvenirs of one so dear were collected around him. It was most sad. There are moments and scenes even in early youth in which we are deeply impressed with the nothingness of all worldly things: such a scene and such a moment was this to me.

P. It must have been a painful sight! You spoke of Crockford's. Was not that a very pleasant club?

A. It was indeed the beau-ideal of a club. The notion that any man of large fortune was at once elected a member, in order to pluck and pigeon him, was quite absurd. A novel was written at the time I speak of called "Crockford's; or, Life in the West," which was about as true a representation of the life and manners of that time as "Lothair" is of the present. The fact is, it was very difficult for any one, however well known or highly considered, to be elected to Crockford's. The number of candidates being out of all proportion to the vacan-

cies, a man of large fortune and good birth was, *cæteris paribus*, more widely known, and so far was preferred to a person with not the same credentials ; otherwise success depended on personal qualifications. It cannot be said that the club was independent of play, for it could not have been kept up in such a luxurious style without play ; but many a member never entered the play-room. It was at the end of a long suite of magnificent apartments. The custom, if members like myself partook frequently of the supper and never played, was at the close of the season to throw a ten-pound note on the play-table and leave it there. But that was really conscience-money ; no one inquired, asked for it, or perhaps even noticed it.

P. These must indeed have been delightful *noctes cœnæque*.

A. We shall never see their like again. During the parliamentary season, supper was provided from twelve o'clock to five

in the morning—and such a supper! Francatelli was *chef*. I rather think he received £800 a year. But there was every dish and drink that could gratify the most fastidious taste; and night after night were met there all those who were noted for any superiority, intellectual or personal. Politics, literature, art, fashion, rank; the wit, the courtier, the poet, the historian, the politician, were found at the table. It was frequently a tilt of freshest wit and clever repartee. There every night after the House of Commons might be heard the sparkling epigrams and wit of the party whips, Henry Baring and Ben Stanley, rivals in social as in political life; there might be seen that *arbiter elegantiarum*, Mr. Auriol, whose good luck, appetite, and appearance obtained him the name of "Crockford's Ugly Customer." There the great leaders, who, like Charles Fox, "in retreat laid their thunder by," would meet on neutral ground, forgetful of all party

objects in the good-fellowship of mutual enjoyment. The dandies of course mustered strong; and there, as I have remarked Count d'Orsay generally every Saturday night was seen, and again on Sunday night until half-past eleven, when he left, so as to reach Gore House before the Cinderella hour of twelve, where he would not unfrequently find some of those who were so anxious for his society waiting at the gates; but he was safe until the last stroke of twelve.

P. Why was such a pleasant resort ever broken up?

A. In consequence of the report of the Gambling Committee of the House of Commons, of which I was a member. Lord Palmerston was our chairman, and he did all in his power to save Crockford's, on the ground that the play was fair, credit was seldom given, and that anything was preferable to private play. The sequel has proved how correct he was. This was a most interesting Com-

mittee. All the keepers of the various gambling-houses, the bonnets, touters and accomplices, were examined, and startling revelations were made. One episode in the course of the examination of witnesses amused us very much. Some important turf authority was in the witness-box, and Milner-Gibson failed to obtain any distinct evidence from him. Then Lord George Bentinck tackled him, and he at once gave us full information. Milner-Gibson was very angry. "Why do you reply to Lord George," he asked, "and not to me?" "Because his lordship knows what he is talking about, and you don't." The whole report of that Committee is well worth studying as a picture of the turf and the gambling circles of fifty years ago. But all the chairman's efforts failed to save Crockford's. The Committee recommended that on the declaration of two householders the police should be empowered to enter any house where public play

was carried on. Very shortly after the report of the Committee the required declaration was made, and the police at once acted upon it. In vain it was declared in court that the club existed independent of play, that the gaming was carried on in another part of the establishment. The magistrates decided against it, and it was at once closed. The anticipations of Lord Palmerston proved to be correct; for since then private play has greatly increased, and has led to very painful results.

P. So there was an end of these festivities?

A. An end of the play and of this pleasant life.

But a supping club was started in Piccadilly, called the Coventry; it was not, however, the same thing. It was easy to succeed Crockford's but not to replace it. The Coventry dragged on a lingering existence. There was not the same desire to belong to it. Coventry

House was very near the old famous club, Wattier's.

P. The centre of the old dandies you have been talking of ?

A. Exactly ; it was their headquarters. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, then Lord Gwydyr, was chief of the dandies. This great friend of the Prince Regent told me how important the dandy class of society was, not only socially but politically ; so much so, that at the Coronation, when there was great fear of disturbances in consequence of the queen's expressed intention of presenting herself at the Abbey during the ceremony, George IV. was in a state of great anxiety, and he sent for Lord Gwydyr to ask him what was the feeling of the dandies ; who replied, " It is not favourable to your Majesty." " I care nothing for the mob," exclaimed the king, " but I do for the dandies ! " and asked Lord Gwydyr's advice. Lord Gwydyr suggested that to keep them in good humour it might be

well if his Majesty invited them to breakfast somewhere in the vicinity of the Abbey on the morning of the Coronation. The king acquiesced. A grand breakfast was prepared in one of the rooms of the House of Lords, and the king regained all his popularity with the dandies.

P. You spoke of the private play which followed on the closing of Crockford's; but surely, from all you have heard, much larger fortunes were lost formerly than have been lost in recent days?

A. That is quite possible; but I can understand that the results were not so bad when playing against a public bank. With a public bank there can be no personal quarrels, no bitter feelings awakened. A man loses his money; there is an end of it. No one can be personally reproached or suspected; there is no hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness afterwards; there are no

ties of affection and friendship broken. This was Lord Palmerston's contention. No doubt immense fortunes were squandered at Crockford's, and the high play and high living were attended with the saddest results. I have been told on unquestionable authority that several of the members of Wattier's Club committed suicide. I myself can recall six or seven of that set (Wattier's was closed before my time) who did so. It must have been a life of intense excitement, and the nervous system could not stand it. Moreover, in those days hard drinking was the custom, and weakened alike both mind and body.

P. Did you see much of Louis Napoleon at Gore House ?

A. Constantly. He was always there. The strange thing is that Count d'Orsay, who was such a remarkable judge of character, had no opinion of the Prince's ability. " Cest un brave gar-

çon," he used to say, "mais pas d'esprit;" and he smiled when the Prince used to speak of the possibility of his return triumphant to France—a conviction which he always possessed. At the time of the vacancy of the Greek throne it was suggested that the Prince might be an excellent candidate for the succession; if elected, he would have been so with the good wishes of France and England. This was Lord Palmerston's idea; but when the Prince was sounded on the subject he declined at once, and privately explained that all his hopes were centred in France. He had such implicit confidence in the future, that he used to say to his cousin the Duchess of Hamilton (Princess Marie of Baden), "Marie, when I am at the Tuileries I shall make such and such changes;" and she would reply, "I wish, Louis, you would not always talk like this—people only laugh at you." Even when he was leaving Paris for his

prison at Ham, he turned to the officer who commanded the guard of Chasseurs drawn up on the platform of the station, and expressed his intention of changing the uniform of the regiment. He was a regular fatalist, like his uncle with the sun of Austerlitz.

P. Louis Napoleon really liked the English ?

A. Very much so. I recall a dinner at the Elysée. We were about thirty English and the same number of French. After dinner, when, in French fashion, we all rose to leave the table with the ladies, the President said, " No, no, we follow the English fashion to-day ; " so to the astonishment of all the establishment wine was put on the table, and we remained about an hour after the ladies. He was always very kind to the English and grateful for the attention he had received, except, as I have said, in the case of Lady Blessington.

P. You young men who had a fair

start must have had a good time of it in those days.

A. We had indeed. I was early in public life, and the political youth of the nation filled a large space in men's minds then; the leaders greatly interested themselves in the young generation. It was not only in political circles that we were welcomed, but all the *salons* were opened to us; and there were *salons* then such as can never exist again. The influence of highly gifted women, pre-eminent by birth, education, and manners, is lost, I fear never to be renewed; and even if it were possible to renew the past, female influence would not be the same under the present conditions of society. In the interest of high culture and breeding, this is one of the most-to-be-regretted changes in the last half-century. How I recall the kindly, genial presence of Lady Jersey, the warm greeting of Lady Willoughby de Eresby, the perfection of Lady Palmer-

ston's manner, the charm of Lady Tankerville, who combined English frankness with all the grace of the House of Grammont! It was indeed a distinction to be received into any of these houses. It was the time of select *recherché* dinners, and such *petits soupers* as those recorded in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's epicurean verse:

"But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last."

At this time Vauxhall existed. Large parties met there and returned to supper; all was hospitable and genial, but there was no vulgar extravagance. *La famille Juive* and *la famille Benoiton* were not admitted even into the outer halls of those houses, which they have now supplanted with the combined forces of wealth and vulgarity, and have changed refinement and good taste into a race of expenditure, when all things are valued by their cost and not their

merit. Few of the present magnates of society could have been seen at Almack's, which temple of fashion the great ladies I have named presided over, and without whose voucher no one could gain admission. Almack's was the portal to that select circle of intellect and grace which constituted the charm of society. The great ladies then received in the early evening, *la prima sera*, immediately after dinner, without any special invitation, all their inner circle. It was the hour of pleasant companionship and lively talk, when wit and politician mingled with the beauties of the day. Alas! even now as I write, the last of those *grandes dames* has passed away; Holland House will be a thing of the past. I never recall what is called the London season, even as it was in my youth, without thinking how forms and habits survive the spirit which originated and animated them. We have a London season now, but how different from the season of

fifty years ago! Lord Willoughby said that in his dandy days the inner circle of society certainly never exceeded six hundred, and no one could enter it unless with the approval of the great ladies; even the young men were taken round and duly presented to them before they were invited within the sacred circle. The real object of the season was to give the youth of the aristocracy occasions for meeting; and it rarely happened that any young lady of consideration passed two seasons without having the opportunity of settling for life. There were no railways to invite incessant change. Once established in town, families remained there; the same society met on every public occasion, and each individual was thoroughly known to all the others. Now there is the same idea of a season and of society, but *quanto mutatus* thousands of people crowd into the West End; the publican and Jew have jostled the aristocracy off the stage of

London life. It is the hour of the speculator, the schemer, the stockbroker. They reign supreme ; there is no time or opportunity to cement acquaintances ; the old order has passed away, and the new order leaves everything to be desired, and year after year only adds to the long list of failures and disappointments on the part of those families who cling to a tradition which is nothing but a name.

P. Surely the ladies you mention must have possessed far greater merits than those associated with mere fashion. You say they were highly accomplished ; but even fashion and accomplishments cannot explain the vast influence they seem to have exercised.

A. This is true. I will take Lady Jersey : from her earliest youth she had played a great *rôle* in society, and was proficient in the qualifications which constitute its charm. An admirable linguist, all foreigners found a home in

Berkeley Square. She possessed the special knowledge which rendered her society agreeable to literary men; and her keenness in politics placed her at the head, as it made her house the centre, of attraction to the then Tory party. At the time I knew her she was at the zenith of her popularity. Her personal influence was remarkable. Whenever she travelled she met with exceptional attentions. I remember when she arrived in Paris she was received like royalty by all the directors of the *Chemin du Nord;* and when she visited the Louvre the galleries were all lit up, an honour only paid to royalty. She moved with a kind of regal dignity, as if she felt herself to be the queen of society. What an acquaintance she had among the celebrities of the day! She frequently expressed regret that she had never kept a list of those who had dined with her since she first lived in Berkeley Square. Their very names would have been an

interesting record of the past. Byron was a frequent visitor there. She told me that after his separation from Lady Byron, when he left the seat he had occupied next her at the end of the room, the ladies who approached her lifted up their dresses that they might not be polluted by touching the floor where he had passed, so strong was the feeling against him. It certainly required a great deal of self-denial to fill such a position as Lady Jersey's. After she became a widow, and had lost, one by one, all her children, she always dined at home, where she had a table for ten or twelve every day, and never went into society. Her intimate friends had the privilege of writing their names down at the house, and dining there whenever there was room. Of course, this kind of life was very expensive; so, independent of popularity, prestige, and rank, other qualifications were indispensable for a lady of fashion. Lady Jersey's

name recalls to my memory one who was widely known, and as widely appreciated and loved. Let me pay this tribute to Lady Clementina Villiers, the light of her home and of the society she adorned. Some one remarked to Lord Jersey, "No one was perfect." "There is one who is perfect—there is Clementina," was his reply. Her very presence lent a charm to all her surroundings. Leading the gay life of the London season, she found time for many accomplishments and serious studies. Needless to say how many suitors she had, amongst them being the Duke d'Ossuna,* pleasant, agreeable, sixteen times Grandee of

* The Duke d'Ossuna represented the magnificence of the old Spanish grandees. During his prolonged absences, his palace in Madrid was kept up as if he were resident there—establishment, stables, and a daily table for twenty, at which his *major-domo* presided. He had eight chateaux or palaces maintained in the same condition, and as many more which only required a few days for preparation; and all this time he lived in a small apartment in Paris.

Spain. He renewed over and over again most magnificent offers; and he really was attached to her, for a friend who long resided at Madrid told me his palace at Madrid was full of drawings of Lady Clementina. She was indeed a pearl which he hoped he had found in his path in life; but he pleaded in vain. What infinite grace and charm she possessed! Well I remember when there was to be a grand fancy ball at the palace, when it was intended to introduce the minuet, how we daily practised the steps in Berkeley Square under the direction of the *fleur des poix*, the young gay Prince Talleyrand. Then Augustus Stafford wrote a graceful stanza, with which all sympathised, for Lady Clementina:

> "May every hope and every joy
> Combine to make thy lot
> As tranquil as the minuette,
> And as gay as the gavotte."

Alas! it was not to be. Lady Clementina went to Germany with her mother,

contracted a fever there, and returned to England to die at her beloved house, Middleton Park. I was told that she had a singular foreknowledge of her death when she left her home.

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

P. This was very sad; but tell me about Lady Palmerston. Do not you think that Lord Palmerston owed much to Lady Palmerston, and that her great popularity and hospitality was of much use in his relations with his party?

A. There is not the least question that Lady Palmerston's dinners and receptions kept the party together. She was a perfect hostess. Except the first Lady Granville, I have never seen any one possessed of so much tact and, on great occasions, courtesy. Lady Granville's manner was consummate acting; she had not only a word, but *the* word, to say to all her guests. When ambassa-

dress in Paris she was always looking beyond the person she was actually receiving, and preparing for the next. Never was ambassadress more popular. But Lady Palmerston's frank and genial manner really came from the heart. She was grateful to her husband's supporters, and her welcome was the expression of her affection for, and pride in him. No leader of a party ever had a more efficient helpmate than Lady Palmerston proved herself to Lord Palmerston.

P. What do you say to Mrs. Disraeli—I beg her pardon—Lady Beaconsfield?

A. Yes; she was certainly his "guide, companion, counsellor, and friend," and Lord Beaconsfield fully appreciated her sympathy and devotion. He always said that he owed everything to her. But she never attempted a *salon;* hers were entirely domestic qualities. As the wife of a great leader and minister she had little influence on the party; in fact,

was very little known. Lady Palmerston was entirely devoted to the object of confirming the wandering in their adherence, and winning over opponents. Many a difficult crisis has been averted by Lady Palmerston entering the room at the suitable moment, and in her charming manner insisting on the discontented or disappointed one accepting her gracious hospitality. She possessed the power of making each visitor feel that he was the guest she delighted to honour; and thus her receptions were highly appreciated, and were of incalculable benefit to the party. Lord Palmerston was also admirable in his tact and manner. It was ironically said of him by an old diplomatist, "Lord Palmerston is an excellent Foreign Secretary, he has so many pleasant social vices." One thing is certain, he had remarkable social qualities, he was keen in observation, with a *curiosa felicitas* of expression,—a consummate

actor. An old friend who was recalled from an important but distant legation and appointed to an inferior post in Europe, came to me the day of his arrival in a state of indignation that he had never been consulted about the change. "I shall go at once to Carlton Gardens and let his lordship know in unmeasured terms what I think of his abominable conduct; afterwards I will return and tell you the result." He did return; and I said I hoped he had not minced the matter with the Minister. "Plague confound the fellow! I never could say a word." "What do you mean?" "Why, I sent in my card and was kept in the dining-room—while he was, of course, arranging the scene; for no sooner was I shown into his study, than before I could utter a word, he rushed up, seized me by both hands,—'My dear, dear friend,' he said, 'I rejoice we have you back amongst us; you exchange barbaric life for civilisa-

tion; all your friends are so glad to welcome you.' 'My lord, I am surprised,' I struggled to say. 'Not a word, not a word! here is Lady Palmerston. My dear, welcome your old friend home; he is one of us again. He will dine with us to-day—won't you? We must keep you, now we have got you back. I am off to a Cabinet. Lady Palmerston, get our friend to tell you some of those anecdotes which used to delight us; I leave him in your care. Good-bye—*au revoir*, at eight o'clock,' and so he rushed out. I am engaged to dine, and have lost my chance!"

He possessed great epigrammatic power. Some one remarked there was no difference between occupation and business. "Why," he remarked, "the French are in occupation of Ancona, but they have no business there." He defined a deputation as "a noun of multitude, implying a great many, but signifying very little." He certainly had

the art of keeping in office, hence the lines :

"Full many a government I have known
For now twice twenty years,
In every one I see the name
Of Palmerston appears.

"But yet I would not rashly blame,
And pause ere I condemn;
Did all these rat to Palmerston,
Or Palmerston to them?"

His vanity gave occasion for many a joke; there was one, the parody on Goldsmith's—

"When some gay viscount old and jolly,
Thinks that his hair becomes too grey;
What art can chase the *tempus molle*,
What art can drive his years away?

"The only art his years to cover,
To hide his age from every eye,
And be the young and tender lover
We used to know him, is to *dye!*"

He might have been classed among the dandies I have mentioned.

Lord Palmerston possessed great readi-

ness and tact. A friend of mine wished to obtain a consular appointment for a relative—this was before the introduction of competitive examinations. "Too happy to serve you," said Lord Palmerston. "Call to-morrow and I will see what can be done." The next day he proposed a consulship of £600 a-year in Asia Minor. My friend was delighted. But as he was leaving the room, Lord Palmerston called out, "I will have the papers sent for you to sign." "What papers?" "Why, you are aware that whoever recommends a consul, is made responsible for all the money that passes through the consul's hands." Need I add that there was an end of the transaction, for the relative was fond of play, which Lord Palmerston well knew.

P. What was the meaning of the feud between Urquhart and Palmerston? You must have known Urquhart.

A. Intimately; and a remarkable man he was. His relations with Lord

Palmerston were curious. I forget what was the original cause of Urquhart's hatred of Palmerston; of one thing he was certainly convinced, that he (Lord Palmerston) was in the pay of Russia, and betrayed the interest of England. The thing was absurd; but Lord Palmerston did not like it, and was very glad when Urquhart had the opportunity of bringing forward his indictment in the House, when, as was expected, he entirely failed to substantiate any of his charges. From that moment the "faith as it was in Urquhart," as the *Spectator* styled it, visibly declined.

P. Had he not a large following?

A. Very large indeed. There were a great number of persons, and these men of ability and consideration, who regarded Urquhart as a prophet—as the founder of a new dispensation. His was a strange career. He was secretary at Constantinople during Lord Ponsonby's embassy; he then adopted quite the Oriental life

and his influence entirely superseded the ambassador's. This led to violent scenes, and Urquhart was recalled; this was in the reign of William IV., who became acquainted with Urquhart, and at once was subject to his influence. Had the king lived, that influence would have affected any government. At this time "The Portfolia," a collection of documents on foreign affairs, was edited and written by Urquhart. It produced a great sensation in the diplomatic world; not alone by the new light it threw on many political and social questions, but from the keen observations and ability of the writer. It contained from time to time passages of singular beauty and remarkable foresight. I remember when he foretold our terrible Afghanistan disasters of 1841, he wrote (I quote from memory): "I warn you in this midnight of your intoxication a day-dawn of sorrow is at hand; and although my voice is now raised in vain,

and my words find no responsive echo in your hearts, they will sink into your spirits when they are broken and subdued by misfortune." His chief work—"The Spirit of the East"—possesses great merit. He was entirely master of the Eastern question; and on his own evidence, like the poet, he wandered eastward, not "now and then," but in his daily life. His house at Watford was an Eastern palace, with a Turkish bath (for it was Mr. Urquhart who introduced Turkish baths into this country), which in luxuriousness was inferior to none in Constantinople. Here Mr. Urquhart passed much of his time writing and sipping sherbet, with the thermometer at 140 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit. The repasts consisted of piloffs, kabobs, Indian curries, and sauces. He expended all the fortune he inherited, and the large sums he received from his many followers, on missions and couriers to all parts of the globe. Through him

the world was to be renewed. Never was a greater instance of how faith in one's self can affect others. Although he has long passed away from public life, his memory survives among many who are interested in foreign affairs. The Foreign Affairs Committee of Newcastle, and many large towns, still exist, and have not lost faith in their great master, with whom they were always in constant communication. Numerous deputations arrived from these local bodies, to ask advice as to candidates for Parliament, or for an opinion on the important foreign question of the day. Woe betide the individual who presumed to differ from, or wrongly interpret, the oracle !

Lord Houghton tells us in his melodious verse—

> "Westward roll the orbs of heaven,
> Eastward turn the thoughts of men."

Every thought of Urquhart turned eastward : he could trace the influence of the

East in the most trifling incident—each thought was Oriental. One morning he called on me accompanied by a tailor: he was to be the best man at a wedding, and wished for my advice as to his costume for the ceremony. There was a Scotch plaid lying on a chair, and the tailor, a little sallow sharp-nosed man, happened to take it up, and threw it over his shoulder. Urquhart paused in the discussion, as to blue frock-coat or blue dress-coat, gilt or plain buttons, looked at the tailor, went to him with an exclamation of astonishment, seized him by the arm, and said, "Sir, you are an Eastern." "A what, sir?" said the astounded man. "An Eastern,—an Arab. No one without Eastern blood could have worn a plaid in that way. What's your name?" "Jones, sir." "Your Christian name?" "Abraham." "Exactly; I was sure it was Eastern. I don't care what your name is,—Jones, Potts, anything you like,—you may tell

your people that they may call themselves what they like; but they are Arabs, they come from the East, and they should be proud of it."

Urquhart invited me for two days to—I forget the Eastern name he gave his house at Watford, by the river-side—but he added, "if you come early you can take a bath." I was not greatly tempted to take, as I supposed he intended, a dip in the Colne; but I left early, and reached the house about 10 o'clock, where I was received by two servants in Oriental costume, who salaamed as they showed me into the drawing-room. "Family all in bath," said one. "All in the river!" I exclaimed. "No river, no river, sahib! in bath." It seemed an extraordinary reception, still more so when a small child, with only a little linen cloth on and all dripping wet, entered the room, made a low salaam, kissed my hand, pressed it to his forehead, and said, "Papa and mamma leave

bath soon," and then ran away. What it all meant I could not imagine, never having heard of this Eastern life and Turkish baths; but presently the two Orientals again appeared, threw open the folding-doors at one end of the room, and a procession such as was seldom seen in the West, appeared. It was headed by Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, in turbans and large white sheets, fringed with gold embroidery, thrown over them. They were followed by three or four young men in similar costumes, only not quite so magnificent. These, I learnt subsequently, were the private secretaries; then followed a large retinue of servants, some still in a very moist condition. No word was spoken. Urquhart saluted me in Eastern fashion, said in a solemn voice, "Breakfast will be ready in an hour," and the pageant passed on. This delay brought it to half-past eleven. I had plenty of time to admire the beautiful furniture of the

rooms, mostly of Eastern production. When my host and hostess returned they were in ordinary dress. At length, to my great relief, breakfast was announced, and I found myself recalling my young life in Smyrna. Except that we were given knives and forks, we might have been eating in an Eastern bazaar. After breakfast the bath mystery was cleared up, for through the folding-doors I was shown into a beautifully furnished boudoir. This led at once into a room lined with white marble, inlaid with gold work. Here were seats with embroidered cushions, there were tables covered with goblets such as Benvenuto Cellini would not have despised. I may say that this description was the result of subsequent observation; for when first the heavy crimson velvet *portières*, which separated it from the boudoir, were drawn aside, I was completely overcome by a rush of hot air. "I forgot," said Urquhart, who observed my astonishment,

"you are not accustomed to a Turkish bath."

"I never have even heard of it."

"Well, it will be a new life, a new revelation for you. You think this hot; why, it is only 140. I sit for hours in this at 180 degrees, read, write, and sip sherbet. I undertake to say that any invalid, no matter what his ailment or his age, put in here for a couple of hours at 180 degrees, he would leave all his maladies in the bath, and come out fresh as a youth. Now you will try it?"

"No, I thank you."

"To please me?"

"Not even to please you. I am glad to have seen it, for it recalls my early Eastern travel, and certainly seems the perfection of luxury." Then we passed on to what my guide called the cooling room. This really was delightful—a gentle warmth of temperature, divans placed all round it, amber-mouthed pipes

inviting the bather to soothe his nerves. In all these rooms there was a subdued light, such light as half conceals the grace which it reveals. It was admirable in the combination of richness and good taste. I could well picture the Sybarite existence of the man of deep and earnest thought dreaming his dreams in such an epicurean calm ; for *silence* was written up in large letters. So here the recluse or student might indulge the *dolce far niente ;* and it was evident that all who came within the influence of Mr. Urquhart were bound to go through this process of purification. Seeing that I had no faith in the virtues of the bath, we passed from the bath to the garden.

Here was seen another proof of his wonderful energy and thought. From far and wide visitors who knew nothing of Mr. Urquhart and his eccentricities, or, as his disciples called them, his mysterious qualities, came to see his strawberries ; they were exceptional

in size and flavour. This result was achieved by digging trenches six feet deep, filling in four feet of any refuse, even dead leaves or decayed branches, then covering this with two feet of soil, and between the rows of plants placing slates so as to preserve the heat engendered by the decayed substance. The effect was remarkable, although it must be said that others have tried a similar process in other parts, and the result has not been equally satisfactory; but his attention to gardening proved the remarkable versatility of mind of my entertainer, and walks, shrubberies, and flower-beds were all kept in perfection of order. Here we strolled, and Urquhart gave me most interesting information on the Eastern question, which was shortly to be discussed in the House of Commons. His knowledge of treaties, of all matters connected with the influence of Russia in the East, was very great, and his remarks were interspersed with

amusing anecdotes. I listened with rapt attention, as if I were a disciple of his school. Now and then I ventured a remark; but before my sentence was concluded, he would stop me with, "I know what you are about to say, but first let me tell you *par parenthèse*, so and so." In vain did I try to edge in an observation: on went my host in one roll of interesting matter, clothed in eloquent language. At last my attention was exhausted, and I suggested an adjournment.

"We have had a delightful talk," said Urquhart, "and really it is refreshing to find any one so well informed on these questions. I agree with most of your views." As I had not had the opportunity of expressing any opinions, Mr. Urquhart's imagination must have been very vivid. The dinner was in the same Oriental style as the breakfast. While we were at table a secretary announced the arrival of a deputation

from one of the Foreign Affairs Committees.

"How long have they been here?"

"Two hours."

"Have you shown them all over the grounds?"

"We have shown them everything, sir."

"Well, I shall not be ready to receive them for nearly two hours more. Is the bath well heated?"

"One hundred and sixty degrees, sir."

"Put them into the bath!" And so, to their astonishment, these political pilgrims, who had never heard of a Turkish bath, found themselves suddenly plunged into an atmosphere of torrid intensity; nor less must they have been surprised at the evidence of Sybarite luxury in the life of the preacher of the new dispensation. When Mr. Urquhart was ready for the interview, we assembled in the large hall; the deputation was courteously welcomed by Eastern ob-

servances—for one of Urquhart's creeds was that hand-shaking was one of the results of a degraded civilisation, after the question was asked on what particular subject they required information, Mr. Urquhart let forth with a knowledge and volubility which was in no degree diminished by his morning's exertions. Treaty after treaty was quoted with an amount of detail perfectly astounding, denunciations against Palmerston rolled forth in unlimited flow. "What," he asked, "must be the errors and weakness of a nation when a traitor like Lord Palmerston is enthroned in the highest place, and governs this great people?"

Unfortunately for the perfect harmony of the interview, one of the deputation ventured to remark, "There is one point you have mentioned, Mr. Urquhart, on which I presume to differ from you."

"What!" shrieked out Urquhart,

amid responsive groans of indignation on the part of the establishment—"What! do I hear you differ from me? Why, sir, you come to learn here, to have your contemptible ignorance enlightened, to sit at my feet and listen; and you differ from me! Are you mad?" and so saying he rushed at the trembling culprit, seized him by the collar, shook him, while the three friends tried to assist him, and adjured Urquhart to forgive the outrage. "He never meant this, Mr. Urquhart; he only asked for a little more information."

At last the great man was appeased, and quiet restored. The lecture continued to a late hour. When I was shown to my bedroom I found a bedstead and blankets, but no sheets and pillows. "Is this my bed?" I asked.

"Of course," was the reply; "what is the matter with it?" for my surprise was apparent.

"Why, there are no sheets or pillows——"

"Sheets and pillows! Well, my dear fellow, I am disappointed in you. I was just congratulating myself, after all you said this morning, on having at last found in the younger generation a man who was superior to the contemptible ideas of what is called civilisation. Sheets and pillows! Why, sir," —and here his voice rose to the oratorical pitch — "do you imagine our forefathers in the days of England's greatness, before men like Palmerston were permitted to drag on a guilty existence,—do you suppose they cared for sheets and pillows? It is this miserable contemptible luxury that is the ruin of England. Sheets and pillows! Well, I did not expect this of you. Our bed is on the floor with blankets; our children's the floor without blankets. . . . However, as my guest, you shall have sheets." And then there

was a great disturbance in the household. At last, sheets were brought, but they must have been taken direct from the water-tub, for they were so wet that Mr. Urquhart had his own way, and I had to roll the blankets round me and wait for day.

P. What connection was there between civilisation, Turkish baths, and Palmerston's supposed Russian intrigues ?

A. Urquhart's theory was, that a nation must be in the last state of decline to admit of the existence, much less of the rule, of such a " criminal " as he styled Lord Palmerston,—rather a far-fetched conclusion, even if his premises were correct. But Urquhart did not care for logic ; he demanded faith, what, as I have said, the *Spectator* styled the " faith as it is in Urquhart," one article of which was that only those have enlightened minds who have clean bodies—hence the introduction of the Turkish baths. He found devoted ad-

herents amongst the ablest men. Monteith of Carstairs, one of those who at Cambridge were styled the Twelve Apostles (amongst whom were Tennyson, Hallam, all men of distinguished ability), entirely believed in him as the Saviour of Society.

P. Was the Monteith you speak of the son of Monteith of Carstairs, who received Sir Robert Peel in 1835 in Glasgow ?

A. Yes ; it was on the occasion of Sir Robert's election as Lord Rector of the University. I can remember the sensation Sir Robert created when he visited Glasgow. A grand banquet was given him, and his speech, like his inaugural address, was a noble effort, and produced a deep impression ; but I recall a passage which gave occasion for a great deal of parody and amusement. Sir Robert described how he travelled through Scotland, "not in a luxurious post-chaise, but on a humble but

faithful steed." Lord Lytton in his admirable satire, the "New Timon," says—

> "Now, on his humble but his faithful steed
> Sir Robert rides, he never rides at speed."

Old Mr. Monteith was very proud of having Sir Robert as his guest on this important occasion. Mr. Monteith was a very remarkable man—one of the last of the city magnates, in the days of tappit hens and Glasgow punch—of shrewd sense and great benevolence. His son, the late Robert Monteith, came very early under the Urquhart influence, and was one of the most considerable of his disciples. Urquhart never moved without a tribe of secretaries and clerks. His correspondence was enormous. I have always been surprised that some portion of it has not been published; it would throw light on a great many diplomatic negotiations.

P. I can well imagine his papers to be of great interest. And now you must let me say that you have told me a great deal which interests me. If you will allow me to publish what I recollect of your reminiscences, they will prove far more acceptable to the public than any historic essay.

A. Willingly. I will find the memories of the past if you find the readers.

SOME GREAT BEAUTIES AND SOCIAL CELEBRITIES

SOME GREAT BEAUTIES AND SOCIAL CELEBRITIES

Publisher. You suggested that I should continue my questions, and enable you to recall the most interesting events of your life. There are a great many ideas which occur to me connected with the subjects of our last conversation. You told me much about the Dandies, and great ladies of your early days: were there no great Beauties who attracted your attention at that time?

Author. Yes, certainly there were many remarkable for beauty; but I have often wondered whether the pre-eminently beautiful women are rarer than they were in the time of Horace Walpole, who tells us that when the Miss Gunnings passed through Doncaster the street was full of

an admiring crowd at early dawn to see them start for the North; and you remember that George III. ordered an officer's guard to protect one of them, Lady Coventry, from being pressed upon by the people when she walked in the Mall. We see nothing of such excitement in these days. The costumes of that time may have had something to do with this. Each class had its own style of dress: the laced bodices, brocaded petticoats, bright stockings, and German hoops of the upper classes, may have aided to attract attention. Now and then at the date you mention—in my time—some paragon of beauty, independent of rank and attractive dress, was occasionally to be seen. I remember a friend telling me Miss Maclean was so beautiful that whenever she appeared in Edinburgh, where she resided, a crowd collected: on one occasion when he accompanied her to a shop in Princes Street, police had to be

sent for to clear the way; and when that evening she entered the theatre, the audience stood up in homage to her charms. I can recall one person who came up to this standard of perfection. I was with her in Paris, and walking in the Champs Élysées was one of the most unpleasant processes I ever went through. It was almost impossible to move, from the crowds of admirers rushing by, and then turning back to look at her. At last we took to a *fiacre*, and escaped this unwelcome demonstration. This charming person did not live long, and left a daughter who has inherited much of her mother's beauty and grace, and is "La Reine des Fêtes" at Cannes.

A very interesting circumstance occurred in connection with this lady when she was in Scotland—and it proves what a poet Landseer was. She was on a visit to the Duchess of Bedford, somewhere in Inverness-shire. There was a large party in the house, amongst

others Sir Edwin Landseer. One day there was a picnic in the forest, and it so happened Landseer was left behind with this graceful lady on the summit of a hill which the rest of the party were descending. She was leaning against a grey pony. Landseer was at once struck with the beauty of the picture : the wild crags, purple heather, the charming figure with the pony in relief against the sky-line, was such a combination as an artist might well love to paint. He invited her to remain a few minutes in the same attitude while he sketched her : it was a very slight sketch, but one of his loveliest. He led the pony down the steep brae, and the great artist ever retained the most vivid impression of that twilight walk, a dream of the fairest of women, and indeed only a dream, for a few months after this a slight cold brought on that fatal heritage of our climate, consumption, and the beautiful vision faded away. There was subse-

quently a sale of all her personal effects, including the grey pony, which Landseer bought in memory of that memorable afternoon. As he had no use for it, it was turned out and carefully tended, and no one was permitted to use it.

P. That was indeed true poetic sentiment!

A. Landseer was a poet, at least he saw everything from a poetic point of view. The names he gave his pictures were proofs of his poetic nature. His two famous pictures, *Peace* and *War:* in *Peace* the sheep nibbling the grass which had grown into the mouth of the cannon — in *War* the wounded soldier lying beside it. The two dogs *Pride and Humility;* the *Children of the Mist,* the deer on the grey mountain-side, with the mists of the dark silent lake rising around them. There was a truth about Landseer's paintings no other painter of animals has ever equalled; in fact, his heart was in his work. The most charming

collection of his works was at Redleaf near Penshurst. He resided there every year, and I understood that all the pictures he painted there were left to his friend the proprietor.

P. Besides this beautiful lady you mention, there must have been others, if not so remarkable, at any rate possessed of great attractions.

A. You recall to me the Coronation, when the foreigners who crowded London on that occasion were astonished at the galaxy of beauty and grace which shone in the Abbey, more especially surrounding the Queen. I came up from Eton for the night, and it was certainly very striking, and impressed me vividly. I recall now the gallant chivalrous appearance of Lord Alfred Paget, who headed the procession on a charger that caracoled and curveted in the most admirable *haute école* style. It is always some individual in a pageant which clings to the memory. Then

came the great Scottish duke—to whom Lord Brougham might have applied his phrase, " very duke of very duke "—the popular graceful " bold Buccleuch," who was the observed of all. I remember the enthusiastic welcome given to Marshal Soult, who, after all his campaigns, had never met the Duke of Wellington until he entered the hall of Apsley House, when he found himself in front of Canova's statue of the great emperor, who stands there with the globe in his hand. It was referring to this statue the eminent sculptor replied to the Duke, who remarked that the globe was too small in proportion to the statue, " Vous savez, Monseigneur, que l'Angleterre n'est pas comprise ! " However, you asked me about the beauties of the days of my youth, and I am telling you the incidents of the Coronation, so divergent are recollections ! There were at this time three sisters, fairest among the fairest, who, I imagine, might have

competed in beauty with the Gunning family, and in other qualities have greatly excelled them; for they, from their grandfather, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, inherited with the Sheridan beauty all the Sheridan genius—the beauty of the Lindleys and the genius of Richard Brinsley Sheridan being alike unequalled. The three sisters were Lady Seymour, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton, who afford the brightest proofs of the transmission of hereditary qualities. The very name of Sheridan is associated with the highest personal and intellectual gifts. If Sheridan, as Moore has expressed it, was

> "The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,
> The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
> Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all,"—

Miss Lindley was equally remarkable for the grace and charm of womanhood. The grandchildren possessed the united

gifts which won all hearts. No one who ever met Lady Dufferin could forget her rare combination of grace, beauty, and wit. Of Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Shelley writes: "I never met a woman so perfectly charming, with so variable but always beautiful an expression, with the ebb and flow of the eloquent blood in her cheek." But the succession of merit and excellence does not stop here. We have in the present Lord Dufferin a proof of the inheritance of the highest qualities of talent; and that charm of manner which is no little set-off to the highest intellectual qualities is still transmitted to the present generation. The fame of Richard Brinsley Sheridan will survive as long as the name so dear to all exists.

P. Was not Lady Seymour the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament?

A. I was a very young man then; but I heard so much about it, I feel as if I had been present at it. Lady

Seymour was, as you say, the Queen of Beauty, and by every report appeared in all her glory, radiantly beautiful. I cannot tell you what a sensation that Tournament made—not only at the time of its celebration, but long afterwards. At this time a certain halo of poetry and romance surrounded society: the railway had not exercised its levelling influence on all around. Lord Eglinton was himself the very type of chivalry, and in the Tournament he gratified not merely his own taste but the spirit of the age. It was only recently that ladies wore the *manche à la* Caradoc, because Colonel Caradoc*—"le beau Caradoc," as he was called—had been wounded at the siege of Antwerp, and for some months appeared with the sleeve of his coat cut open and tied with ribbons; and the ladies had their sleeves slashed in a similar manner. Thus the courtly grace and chivalrous spirit which still

* Afterwards second Lord Howden.

survived gave to the Tournament an interest far beyond a mere pageant, not only with the upper but with all classes of society. There are at Eglinton Castle two volumes of applications for tickets of admission from very distant parts, which prove how it was appreciated far and wide. Lord Eglinton told me that when he first thought of it, he fully expected that the cost would not exceed £2000: it ended in an expenditure of £30,000 to £40,000. However, we will not talk of the Tournament, of which you must have heard enough, and of which I can only give you reports. The curious part of it is, that Lord Eglinton gained so much popularity by it—for certainly in the Lowlands of Scotland no one was more popular. Until the Tournament he was only known as a genial, frank, open-hearted nobleman; but after this event he was regarded as one of the leading political men of the day, and was certainly in the

confidence of Lord Derby, who sent him to Ireland, when, as Lord Lieutenant, he achieved a great success. His warm-hearted nature sympathised with the generous qualities of the Irish nation; he moved amongst and entered into the lives and interests of all classes. Lord Eglinton was a proof how much heart can do in attracting all sorts and conditions of men; for although he seemed, when he entered on his high office, to gain those qualifications which are especially required for its due fulfilment, he was not a highly gifted man, nor in his early youth had he devoted much time to serious occupation; yet he surprised those who knew him best by his admirable speeches, the clearness of his judgment, and his power of work. These strata of merit in his nature were entirely unknown even to himself: the circumstances of his position called them forth, and this position he certainly owed to the Tournament, without which

he might never have been selected from a number of his compeers for so high a post.

P. Were you often at Eglinton Castle?

A. Yes, constantly. Next to Drumlanrig, it was the great house of reception in Scotland. Every degree of merit or renown might claim welcome there; and had not only their claims allowed, but the welcome was unlimited—unstinted. I have known guests remain weeks, even months, and show no inclination to leave, which was trying enough to the patience and gentle nature of their host and hostess. There was, as might be anticipated, an evil attending this exuberant hospitality: it led to excessive hero-worship. Simple, kind, and unassuming as Lord Eglinton was, he could not avoid the atmosphere of incense that was burned at his shrine. The effect of this was sometimes amusing. It was an article of the Castle faith that no one could beat his lordship at

billiards, rackets, or tennis—indeed at any game. A young officer—one of the Mundy family—arrived there, and, in ignorance of the Eglinton infallibility doctrine, had the audacity to offer to play his host at billiards, and to announce his superior skill by giving Lord Eglinton so many points. The general indignation was intense, especially amongst those *habitués* who never left the Castle, and who, if they were ever called away for a day or two, locked up their rooms. Those offered to prove their belief in their host's superior skill by backing him for large amounts. In the evening we adjourned to the billiard-room, and the great match commenced. It was evident from the first strokes that Lord Eglinton, who was really a very good player, had found his superior. There was a calm confidence about the new-comer that was very exasperating; he seemed so perfectly at his ease; there was a smile on his

countenance that would have entirely disconcerted a less gentle nature than Eglinton's. As the game went on and the result was foreseen, the excitement of the Eglintonians could scarcely be suppressed, — it almost amounted to a tempest of indignation. The game ended, and the young Guardsman collected his bets. However, we all looked forward to the morrow: the racket-court would recover the honours of the day, and the losses of the previous evening were to be retrieved. But meanwhile the successful rival was regarded with eyes of jealousy and treated with scant courtesy by many of the backers of the Castle against the world —not by our host, who, with his perfect tact, only showed more than usual warmth and kindliness in his greeting. I was much interested in this specimen of the gay *fleur des poix* of the day; he was the beau-ideal of a Lord Foppington. After the billiards, I went to

his room, where I saw all his equipment worthy of a Dandy of the last century. Amongst other articles was a long box for his neckties, of which he had several dozen. I asked him why he required so many, and he explained that he never wore a white tie twice. "Do you ever wear a washed tie?" he asked me in the young-exquisite style. The next day the racket-court became the centre of attraction. Here there was a large gathering of spectators, for all the establishment were present. Alas for the courtiers! the result was the same as at billiards. Lord Eglinton had no chance against his youthful antagonist. At last even his lordship looked disappointed and annoyed. As for his supporters they seemed to consider themselves shamefully treated, that any one should dare to snatch the laurel from their patron's brow; and they were not appeased when the victor offered to run a race or ride a race against

any one present. No one took his bet, so he was left alone in his glory. I was one of the few guests who took a kindly view of this young original. The only time I ever saw Lord Eglinton annoyed was when the Prince of Parma complained that he had not been treated with proper respect by this young gentleman.

P. Which Prince of Parma was that ?

A. The son of the Prince who abdicated when this Duke became sovereign Prince (he had married Mademoiselle, sister of the Comte de Chambord). He professed to dislike all etiquette, and yet was easily put out if his position was not fully recognised. He was very proud of his ancestral connection with the royal blood of Scotland, and always maintained that his claim to the throne was nearer than the Duke of Modena's. I don't know how that is, but it was a subject on which

he was never tired of talking. He was by way of being a great sportsman, yet when he hunted with the Duke of Buccleuch at Bowhill, he requested a groom might accompany him to break down the fences, as he dismounted at every obstacle. The groom was worn out before the end of the day, and expressed the hope that he might never ride with a Royal Highness again. It is strange he should have been so bad a rider, for his father was very fond of horses, and kept a magnificent stud. There were from two to three hundred horses at Parma. The Prince was very interesting on the subject, and told us the stables were put into the perfection of order by Ward, the Yorkshire stable-boy. His was a remarkable career.

P. You mean the famous Baron Ward?

A. Precisely; one of the cleverest diplomatists, financiers, and ministers of

the day. The Duke told us the Baron's history. The Prince said his father used to visit the stables every morning to inspect the horses. On one occasion his attention was called to some horses which had arrived from England the previous week. The stables at that time were not in good order, and he overheard some one say, "We would not stand this kind of thing in Yorkshire." The Prince turned round quickly, and saw young Ward. "Was it you who spoke?" he asked.

"Well, I did say something, your Royal Highness."

"What's your name?"

"Ward, please your Highness. I arrived with horses last week for your Royal Highness."

"You said, 'We would not stand this in Yorkshire'?"

"That's about it, your Royal Highness," replied Ward, tugging away at his forelock.

"What do you mean?"

"Only, please your Royal Highness, in Yorkshire I thinks we know how to keep horses."

The Prince turned away; but shortly after, Ward was appointed the Prince's personal groom, whose place it was always to ride with him. When they were out of the town, the Duke would order Ward to draw near him, and ask him every kind of question regarding the management of horses and stables; and one day, to the astonishment of all the establishment, the young Yorkshire stable-boy was named Master of the Horse, but with the understanding that he was still to remain the Prince's personal attendant. It may well be imagined what excitement this created in the princely establishment. The latter condition was the most exasperating to the old servants, as it proved what an influence he might acquire over the Duke. Indeed, from that time he

practically became the Prince's adviser, and the Duke was accustomed to invite his groom's views on subjects quite unconnected with the stables. The Prince was a keen judge of character, and, like the Emperor Alexander, had an enthusiastic admiration for England and Englishmen, and used to say, "If I wish to express in what I place the greatest confidence, it is the word of an English gentleman."

Ward at this time had not associated with gentlemen; but after his promotion he astonished the Court of Parma by the facility with which he acquired courtly manners. A short time subsequent to his appointment as Master of the Horse, he was attending the Duke at a review of his small Italian army, for there was always a large Austrian force quite independent of the Parmesan troops. It must be admitted that the manœuvres left a great deal to be desired, and the

Prince invited Ward's opinion of their drill.

"I don't think much of it," was the reply.

"What do you know about military matters?" asked the Duke.

"I have been in the Yeomanry six years, your Royal Highness, and have seen a good deal of soldiering in Yorkshire."

"Do you think you could make these men drill better?"

Ward replied he was sure he could; and he was, shortly after this conversation, placed at the head of the military department, where it was universally admitted he at once made reforms which resulted in great economy and efficiency. This was not sufficient: the finances of Parma were in a deplorable state, and but a short time elapsed before Ward was finance minister, when, what with reductions and reconstruction, there was a material improvement in

the revenue. So here he was at the head of every department. Never was such a rise, except in the opera of *La Grande Duchesse*. And strange to say, with all this he was not unpopular, although to obtain this result many so-called vested interests had to be disregarded, and great reductions made. But Ward showed so much shrewdness and practical good sense, that even the most interested in the existing order of things had to admit the justice of his administration. Of course, he was now a member of the Court circle, and as such became known to all the literary and political celebrities with whom it was the pleasure of the Prince to surround himself, until his Court might have vied with that of Weimar in its classic days. It was not long before Ward was sent on a diplomatic mission to the Court of Vienna, when he gave eminent proof of his sagacity, and was highly appreciated. The emperor created him

a baron, and it was as Baron Ward he came to England as minister, when the Yorkshire groom found himself the object of general interest.

Lord Palmerston had the highest opinion of him, and thought him one of the most remarkable men of the age. He possessed the tact not to be thrown off his balance by his rapid elevation, and to retain, even if he did not cultivate, his simple, sometimes even uncouth manner. There was nothing particularly prepossessing in his appearance, only a straightforward honesty of expression which won the confidence of all with whom he came in contact. The close of his life was not so successful as its opening. When the reigning prince—the same who was at Eglinton—was assassinated in the gardens of the Palace at Parma in 1854, his widow, the Grand Duchess of Parma (Mademoiselle), imagined that Ward intended to seize the sovereignty. There was really no reason to suppose

that he even meditated such treachery, although his popularity was so great that had the attempt been made there is little question but it would have been attended with success. The Duchess did not give him the chance; for no sooner had the news of the Prince's death arrived, than Ward's house was surrounded with Austrian troops and all intercourse with the town refused him. Subsequently he was banished the territory, and had to claim the protection of Austria, where he was made most welcome. I forget whether he ever had any office under the Austrian Government, but his opinion was very highly valued, and he was treated with the greatest consideration. But the change was too great, from the wide authority he had exercised at Parma. He was another proof of the proverb, "When the house is roofed in, then the grave opens," for he fell into a state of dejection, and did not long survive his exile.

The Prince of Parma maintained great state in his small principality, and by the aid of the Austrians, very despotic authority. His little army was entirely under his own military code. His punishment of the officers was at times original. One of them consisted in compelling them to carry pails of water from one well to another, three or four hundred yards distant. He insisted that the entire absence of any useful purpose in this disagreeable task added greatly to its unpleasantness, in which he was not far wrong. His practical jokes did not add to the dignity or comfort of his Court. I was present at a grand ball, when he ordered a large plate of strong cayenne pepper and mustard sandwiches to be handed round with his compliments at supper-time to the most dignified of the great ladies, who coughed and gesticulated painfully when they tasted the pungent mixture.

Strange to say, that with all his extravagance and folly, he possessed deep susceptibilities. His pride in the blood of the Stuarts, and love for Scotland were rooted in his nature. "Give me but one hour of Scotland," expressed something more than mere sentiment with him. The Comte de Vallombrosa—the title by which the abdicated Duke was known—was with his son after he had been struck by the assassin's knife, and he told a friend of mine that almost the last words of the poor Prince referred to Scotland,—to the happy days he had passed and the many dear friends he had there. It was a sad ending to a very active, exciting life. At that time it was little foreseen that those principalities which had so long preserved their independence would have been absorbed in what Lord Palmerston called "a geographical impossibility,"—a united Italy.

P. What a loss Lord Eglinton was! Honour was his polar star, and no consideration could induce him to move one step to the right hand or to the left from what he felt was the path of duty. Such was the high esteem in which his character was universally held, and so sincere the admiration which his high qualities inspired, that he was without exception the most popular nobleman in Scotland; and even those whose views were most diametrically opposed to his, acknowledged his merit. In such terms wrote "Maga" in 1861; and now, after a generation has passed away, his memory is still dear to all classes in the Lowlands of Scotland.

A. It is true there are men who, from personal qualities, can never be replaced. As the minister who succeeded Mr. Franklin at the Court of the Tuileries said to Louis XV., "I come to succeed Mr. Franklin; no one can replace him."

Another important personage who was all-powerful in the Lowlands, was the late Duke of Hamilton. He was the duke Lord Brougham styled, "Very duke of very duke." He inherited in some measure his father's grandeeship of manner, for never was such a *magnifico* as the tenth duke, the ambassador to the Court of Russia in the time of the Empress Catherine. When I knew him he was very old, but held himself straight as any grenadier. He always dressed in a military laced undress coat, tights, and Hessian boots. When he showed any visitor over Hamilton Palace, he insisted on opening every door himself, and then made the lowest obeisance to each lady who passed him. I have seen him walk down a long drive bareheaded in a pouring rain while conducting a lady to her carriage. At the time of his son's—the late Duke's—marriage to the Princess Marie of Baden, his satisfaction and pride were unbounded.

He arranged a triumphal progress from the borders of the county to Hamilton Palace in honour of her Serene Highness ; and to commemorate what he considered a national event, a series of pictures were published, in all of which the Duke is himself the prominent figure. Well, after all, this was very harmless vanity, and it was a great happiness for him to see his son married —a son who combined the dignity of the father with the beauty of the mother, for the Duchess of Hamilton was the lovely daughter and heiress of Beckford of Fonthill, that most eccentric and brilliant possessor of boundless wealth, the author of "Vathek." The Beckford library formed one of the most interesting features of that treasure-house, Hamilton Palace—alas ! all dispersed now, *quanto mutatum :* the halls that knew those admirable collections of all that was of most value in art, refinement, and taste, shall know them not

again. The "blindness to the future" is never more "kindly exemplified" than in these days, when self in its lowest sense of the word rules supreme, and the self-denial of one generation is sacrificed to the self-indulgence of its successor.

P. I have always understood that the late Duke of Hamilton preferred Arran to Hamilton Palace.

A. I think he did; but he kept up a princely establishment at Hamilton: he was in every act the *grand seigneur* he looked. Lady Jersey always spoke of his wonderful resemblance to Lord Byron. No doubt he was deeply impressed with the importance of his position, and especially with his being next of kin to the throne of Scotland. The head of the house of Hamilton was really in a *quasi* royal position without any aid from a princess of Baden. At Arran every visitor to the Castle received a token, which, when shown,

enabled him to pass all over the island, taking carriages, stopping at hotels, incurring any expenditure, without spending a sixpence. As at Eglinton, it frequently happened that visitors, especially foreigners, took advantage of this unbounded hospitality, and never would leave. The list of visitors to Hamilton Palace was a long and distinguished one. The Duke and Duchess delighted to show their princely residence with its art treasures to foreigners, and those of any consideration who visited England were invited to Hamilton. I remember well the sensation one of the most important visitors made: it was the Empress Eugenie, after the death of her sister, the Duchesse d'Albe. There was something most tragical in all the circumstances connected with the sadly premature end of this charming young person, which explained the profound melancholy of the Empress Eugenie, without the gossip and scandal of the

Tuileries *entourage*. It occurred in August 1860. The Emperor and Empress were on their way to Algiers, where the news of her sister's death had preceded her. As soon as the Imperial yacht anchored, the Emperor was informed of the sad event, but at such a time it was not thought well to announce it to the Empress; she was only told that the Duchess was seriously unwell. Even then she wished to return at once without even landing; but this was quite impossible. The whole city was *en fete;* the Arab chiefs and their tribes had come from the uttermost parts of the country; the greatest excitement prevailed; and the Emperor was compelled to ask the Empress to conquer her feelings, and with a sad heart to enter into all these festivities. The grand receptions over, the Imperial yacht sailed, and then the Empress was told the truth. The passage was delayed by bad weather, and on her arrival at

St. Cloud the Empress learnt that her loved sister was already buried.

The Duchess d'Albe was older than the Empress, and only thirty-five at the time of her death,—equally remarkable as her sister for beauty, but of quite a different character. Both the sisters combined the stately grace of the Spanish with the gentle frankness of the English nature. There had been more than ordinary sympathy and affection between the sisters; and the Empress, after her loss, fell into a state of deep depression, and a tour in Scotland was projected, where, it was hoped, she would not be subjected to any necessity for representation or grand ceremonial. The Duchess of Hamilton's connection with the Emperor led to the visit I mention, when I was one of the very few friends invited. The moment it was announced that the Empress was to pass the day at the Palace, the excitement was quite extraordinary. To

my surprise, on my arrival at Motherwell I found not only the station blocked with people, but a dense crowd all the way from Motherwell to Hamilton Palace. The one anxiety was to obtain a glimpse of the Empress. On driving up to the door, I found the whole establishment *en grande tenue*. On entering the drawing-room, there stood the Empress, with a black suite, all in the deepest mourning. There were not more than four or five visitors. Scarcely a word was said, and the effect was very melancholy; neither did the subsequent repast conduce to cheerfulness. The great dining-room had been darkened; although it was only three o'clock, the lights were subdued: so the repast was a very funereal one. The whole scene was suited to the Empress's frame of mind; she talked very little, and afterwards, in conversation with her *entourage*, it was impossible to gain any information. In fact,

there was an air of profound mystery in the whole proceeding. By the time the dinner, or rather luncheon, was over (and it lasted two hours), the crowd of people in the park was immense. It seemed as if the whole county had collected to stare and wonder, not at any grand procession or military display, but simply at a graceful lady, in deep mourning, who wore such a thick veil that not a feature was discernible; nor was the interest confined to the county of Lanark. I was much amused at a friend, who saw my name as one of the few guests on that occasion, writing to say that, if I would only tell him *le mot de l'énigme*—what I had learnt of the secret history of this journey—he would promise to repeat to me the two most confidential secrets which had been recently confided to him. The secret, however, as far as I was concerned, was *nil*—like the Knife-grinder's story, there was

none to tell. So I lost the confidential anecdotes.

Among the foreigners, I recall a very distinguished artist, who afforded us much entertainment — M. Gudin, the great marine painter. Some of his sea-pieces were wonderful in their power and conception. I remember one at Hamilton House; there was nothing but the wide sea, the floating wreck of a mast, with a sea-bird upon it—nothing more. But it filled the mind with an indescribable sense of loneliness,—the waste of ocean; the lurid sky and dark masses of clouds; the solitary spar, which told its own tale; the wild bird which found a resting-place on the lonely wreck,—it was a picture which always fascinated me, and conveyed a far deeper sense of awe than the famous shipwreck of the *Medusa* in the Louvre, or the scene of the battle raging wild and strong. Companionship even in death seems to mitigate the horrors of the scene; the

loneliness of what Rousseau called the melancholy ocean, as depicted by Gudin, was almost painful.

Gudin was not, however, himself of a melancholy mood; on the contrary, he was one of the liveliest of Frenchmen. A great Anglomanian, it was delightful to see him equipped for *le sport*. His shooting-costume was a little better adapted for the Palais Royal arcades than for our moors. I went out shooting with him one day, when he allowed all the birds to escape. At last he wounded a hare, which, however, was able to limp away. Gudin's excitement was intense; in vain he tried to get another shot. At last he threw down his gun, to the amusement of the whole party, ran after the hare, and at last fairly outran his poor victim, caught it within his arms, and returned triumphant. He set a high value on his paintings. One of the guests, who was rather notorious for getting amateur

work out of artists, told Gudin he much wished to possess some slight record of the great master.

"Charmé, charmé, mon cher," said Gudin; and the next day gave him a sketch in oils the size of a sheet of notepaper—a sunset at sea. Except that it was by Gudin, I would not have given £10 for it. The face of the connoisseur was quite a study when he learned that Gudin valued it at 1500 francs (£60).

The last time I met Gudin was in the lobby of the House of Commons. I was told that a distinguished foreigner wished to see me. When I went out I saw quite a crowd round a man whose coat was covered with decorations, crosses, stars, and ribbons. To my astonishment and that of the surrounders, he rushed up to me and threw his arms round my neck, "Comme je suis charmé de vous voir, mon cher!" I became the hero of the lobby. When I

released myself from his embrace, and his attentions were transferred to some other acquaintance, every one rushed forward to hear who this distinguished individual was. He was supposed to be a great warrior, or at least a royal or ducal highness; and the revulsion of feeling was great when they learned the lavishly decorated individual was a marine painter. Gudin played a part in the Revolution of 1848 in Paris; he was one of Lamartine's faithful followers, a kind of body-guard who never left him. During one month he slept under the dining-room table, for there was no accommodation in Lamartine's house: *similia similibus*, there was one affinity between Lamartine and Gudin—intense vanity.

Another illustrious personage who paid frequent visits to Hamilton was the Queen of Holland. She was one of the many notables who preferred Scotland to her own country; and yet she

possessed a charming residence near the Hague—La Maison de Bois. She was better informed on our public affairs than most members of either House of Parliament; and she was perfectly astonished when she mentioned a member, and I had to confess that I did not know the names of half the House of which I had been so many years a member. The customs of her Court were curious. Once I visited the Hague. As soon as I arrived, an aide-de-camp brought me an invitation to dine that day at six o'clock. The Maison de Bois is so styled as the drive to it is through a beautiful wood. The house itself is in no way remarkable, except for its very unusual English-comfort look. The dinner was a very short performance: an hour saw us out of the room, and I was told we were not expected to remain, but to return at nine o'clock. This seemed a very inconvenient arrangement; but I conformed

to it, and nine o'clock found me again *en route*. The evening party was on a much larger scale, and we all stood in a circle while the Queen passed round: suddenly, in the midst of this function, the doors were thrown open, and a little man in a splendid livery, a kind of miniature cathedral-Swiss, carrying a large halberd, appeared; he was followed by four attendants, two with baskets full of bottles of champagne—the others carried trays, with long old-fashioned glasses. He stopped opposite each guest, struck the *parquet* with his halberd, made a low obeisance, and then stood aside while a glass of champagne was poured out. This represented the festive part of the evening's entertainment. Then followed several games of commerce, and at eleven we left. This invitation was renewed every other day; but agreeable and intellectual royal society tires at last, especially when it entails most inconvenient hours, and I

did not make a prolonged stay at the Hague.

The diplomatists were especially welcome at Hamilton. The Great Elchi, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Ponsonby, Count Apponyi, &c., found themselves in congenial society. It is needless to speak of Lord Stratford as a remarkable man. His excelling power, his influence, are testified to in every page of Kinglake. His indomitable will was shown even in his daily life. A party of young men, we started from Hamilton to walk to Bothwell, about five miles distant. Lord Stratford wished to see the old castle, and proposed to join us. It was a long walk for a veteran of seventy-four, but he stepped out as briskly as the youngest. It was evident as we approached the Park that he was very tired, and I suggested when we reached the lodge-gate that he should return. "Certainly not. I shall touch the ruins with my hands.

I always carry out my intentions." And he did so. He would put his hands on the crumbling walls,—cared little for the ruins, and still less for the beautiful view of the rushing Clyde as it sweeps round the base of the rock. His eagerness was to return, and he showed the same energy to the last. He was very proud of his connection with Mr. Canning. His vanity had nothing of the lower class of personal egotism. Gratified as he was when Mr. Gladstone recommended him for the Garter, he accepted it as a recognition of a life's work devoted to his country, for his one idea was the greatness of England. The lines written on his death were most appropriate—

"Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's work has ceased;
Here silent in our Minster of the West,
Who wert the voice of England in the East."

The second Canning alluded to was the

Viceroy of India, one of the galaxy of illustrious men the companions of Mr. Gladstone at Oxford.

P. Lord Stratford, I suppose, had at this time retired from diplomacy?

A. This was just after his retirement. And after such a crowded life, he missed active work; although in his Life, recently published, he seems to have always sighed for England. But when he did retire, he found himself quite out of touch with the new society. This was not the case with Lord Ponsonby, who could adapt himself to all sorts and conditions of men. Lord Ponsonby had never the same influence as the Great Elchi, but his name was very powerful at the Porte. As I have mentioned, he was at one time troubled by the presence of Mr. Urquhart, who by his Orientalism eclipsed the ambassador; but when Urquhart was recalled, Lord Ponsonby attained, by his social qualities, almost as great weight as Lord Stratford by his

strength of character. Lord Ponsonby, I have heard his contemporaries say, was the handsomest man of his time; and I recall a book by a very well-known and very clever lady, who mentions that her attention was attracted to a gentleman in deep mourning, who at a certain hour rode down South Audley Street in which she resided, on his way to the Park; how his singular beauty fascinated her, and how she waited daily to see him pass long before she became acquainted with him as Lord Ponsonby. It is rarely, indeed, that a man's life is preserved by his beauty, for it is a quality more likely to lose than to save; but it was the case with Lord Ponsonby. He told me the anecdote himself as far as the risk of life which he ran, but he left others to inform me of the cause of his rescue. He was not twenty when he passed through Paris in 1791. War had not been declared, but there was a strong feeling against England. At

that time the lamps were hung across the streets—hence the cry, "À la lanterne." When any unhappy victim was taken, the process of hanging him was a very simple one. Lord Ponsonby, walking in the Rue St. Honoré, was so unfortunate as to fall in with the mob, who seized him with the cry, "Voilà un agent de Pitt! un sacré Anglais! à la lanterne!" The lamp was taken down, the cords placed round his neck, and he was actually hanging in the air, when the women, who played such a prominent part throughout the revolution, rushed forward and cut the cords. "C'est un trop joli garçon pour être pendu," was the cry. He fell on the pavement, and was immediately carried off by his protectors and carefully tended. All these circumstances, I repeat, with the exception of the cause of the interference of the women, were told me by Lord Ponsonby; and he proceeded to give an account of his sensations on

returning to consciousness. He could not have been actually suspended in mid-air more than a few seconds, and yet in that brief space of time all the events of his past life passed through his mind. It is true that his life to that date had not been a very eventful one, being only nineteen years of age, but every past sensation was renewed in all its freshness. It is also remarkable that he did not at the time experience any sensation of fear; while he added, his was an essentially nervous temperament. This remarkable mental power of calling up the past in moments of suspended animation, I have heard frequently mentioned. One was the case of Count Zichy, in the Revolution of 1848, in Vienna. He was caught by the savage mob, hung like Lord Ponsonby in the middle of the street, when his own regiment of dragoons charged down and cut the cords as he was swinging in the air. He fell to the ground

and was supposed to be dead; but his recovery was a very different matter from Lord Ponsonby's, for he suffered agonies, and for ten days had four men constantly with him. He described exactly the same sensations as Lord Ponsonby; the scroll of what was a much longer life was unrolled, even the smallest detail rushed back on his memory; he had the same fearlessness at the moment, but he felt all the horror of the agony when the danger was past. Another instance that I recall was in connection with the famous Hamilton railway accident in Canada. The train was running at a rapid pace down a steep incline to the river, when suddenly it was observed, by all those standing outside, that the bridge over the river was broken down. It was evident to the passengers that a terrible catastrophe was inevitable. Amid shrieks and cries of alarm all the brakes were applied, but the descent was too steep to render them

of any avail. At last the train leaped into the abyss of rushing waters. My informant was in the last car, and he said that from the time when the carriage was dragged over until the final crash was only a few seconds, but it seemed an eternity, and all his life passed before him. A most interesting little book, called "Admiral Beaufort's Experiences of Drowning," bears testimony to this seemingly universal experience in sudden danger. "Thought succeeded thought," says the Admiral, "with a rapidity that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation,—the event that had just taken place, the effect it would have on my family, and a thousand circumstances associated with home, travelling backward in time in retrograde succession." All this proves that duration of life does not depend on hours, but on the number of impressions con-

veyed to the brain. Thus a monotonous life passes like a dream, whereas a crowded life of exciting events seems very prolonged. Let a man turn globe-trotter and "survey mankind" for only a few months "from China to Peru": he will be inclined to ask on his return, "Stands Scotland where she did?" the changes of scene will have been so strongly reflected on his mind. But to return to Lord Ponsonby, whose career was a very interesting one, and who, by tact and perfection of manner, achieved those successes in diplomatic life which are frequently attained, as in the case of Lord Stratford, by the "power of thought and magic of the mind,"—the one gained his objects by love, the other conquered by fear. Lord Ponsonby was a charming *raconteur*, had an excellent memory, was very epigrammatic. He said, "After a long life passed in diplomacy, I come to the conclusion that the great advantage an

ambassador has in social life is, that at dinner-parties he in general is handed the liver wing of the chicken ! "

Hamilton Palace, which is rather a gloomy stately pile, with its black-marble stair, was in the late Duke's time the scene of many a joyous festivity ; *fête* succeeded *fête*, and the town of Hamilton was enlivened by the constant succession of visitors. Then there were occasional grand functions. One I remember afforded the guests much amusement. There was to be a review of the Lanarkshire Militia, when the Commander of the Forces in Scotland was General Viscount Melville. He was a strict disciplinarian, an excellent soldier, but most particular as to detail : it was said he could detect a missing button on a private's coat. He was the inspecting officer. The review was to take place in the park of the Palace. Luncheon was prepared for the whole county. A large party were invited in

honour of Lord Melville, who arrived at the Palace the previous day to meet Lord B——, the colonel of the militia regiment. There were few people so popular as Lord B——. His geniality equalled his hospitality, and his residence was a house widely known and highly considered; but he was very forgetful, and despised all those military details which Lord Melville considered to be of the first importance—so much so, that at dinner the General expressed himself very strongly as to the attention the Colonel should give the next day to the equipment of the corps, and, above all, to his own personal appearance. "Trust to me," said Lord B——; "you will see how well I shall turn out to-morrow." However, it was evident that the Commander-in-chief was full of doubt; nor were his apprehensions unfounded. The next day was beautiful. Crowds assembled in the park and at the entrance of the Palace; but the

reigment arrived without its colonel. Lord Melville was purple with rage. There we all waited half an hour. At last appeared the Colonel, and in the most motley guise—no cocked-hat, his sash slung rather than tied round his waist, his trousers without straps, halfway up his legs. He jogged along in perfect indifference as to his appearance. Lord Melville was too overcome with indignation to speak when Lord B—— said, "Well, General, I hope you think me all right to-day."

Low-muttered anathemas were the only reply to this salutation. However, the review proceeded, but very slowly, for the Colonel had to read the word of command from a paper which he did not even try to conceal. Lord Melville dashed about in a frenzy. At length the last manœuvre and final blow came.

The regiment formed square. "Make ready, present, fire!" was the word of

command. Not a sound but the click of the locks.

"Colonel, what does this mean?" shouted the General.

"They have no powder," replied the Colonel.

"No powder, Colonel, for a field-day!"

"The fact is, General, sometimes the horses don't stand fire; mine is very fidgety, and I thought it just as well the review should go off without an accident."

Lord Melville's disgust was too deep for utterance; his sorrowful countenance was more effective than his usual volleys of excited language. Thus ended the grand review. But Lord B—— returned home feeling persuaded that it had been a great success, for the General's anger was too great for utterance.

The Duke was an excellent reel-dancer: there were few who could compete with him in agility and endurance. I

remember at Nice when he was dancing a reel, to the great surprise of the Nizzards, a grand lady of the old *régime* being quite scandalised at what she considered a most savage exhibition. "Ils sont des sauvages comme les Irlandais : bientôt on va danser le Irish gig," as she pronounced the name of the Irish jig. The Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Athole would dance against each other until they almost sank exhausted. The Duke of Athole was another grand representative of a noble Highland family. Like the Duke of Hamilton, he was taken away prematurely, and was deeply lamented. He had a disease which was certain to end fatally; but it afforded him time before his death to call on every tenant, and his farewell was so cheerful that it bore testimony to his perfect peace of mind. A touching incident occurred at the last. It was recounted in the daily papers how the Queen visited

Blair-Athole to bid the final adieu to the chief of one of Scotland's noblest clans. She had returned to the station, where a great crowd was collected, but which, in sympathy with the solemnity of the occasion, maintained perfect silence. The train was about to start, when there was a shout of "Stop! stop!" and a brougham was seen driving rapidly from the Castle. Out of it, wrapped in flannels, staggered the Duke, came to the door of the royal saloon, knelt to kiss the Queen's hand, waved his cap, called out "Three cheers for the Queen!" re-entered his carriage, and never left the castle again.

Arran was a delightful abode. The Duke much preferred it to Hamilton, which is so surrounded by coal-pits. Brodick—not a large house—possessed charms quite unequalled by any other residence. They were happy days he passed in that grand insular feudal residence, where every cottar regarded

the Duke as their friend and protector. He was abused because he would not permit Brodick to be turned into a modern watering-place, to be crammed with loafers and tourists. But those who really appreciated the Highland life, artists and true lovers of scenery, were ever welcome to Brodick, where the family lived, dispensing a feudal hospitality. The death of the late Duke of Hamilton in 1863 was felt far and wide; and the suddenness of the accident which led to his loss added to the great sorrow. The Duke had left Scotland for the Continent in perfect health. In Paris he slipped on one of those dangerous highly polished stairs which are so common in French houses, and had a concussion of the brain. He was taken to his hotel—the Bristol. A messenger was at once sent to inform the Emperor. So soon as the sad intelligence reached St. Cloud, the Empress went to nurse him. He lingered

many days, and no *sœur de charité* could have afforded more comfort, and attended him more lovingly than that kind-hearted lady. She never left him until the sad end, realising in its noblest sense the grand old Douglas motto, "Tender and true."

Now I daresay, for the present, you have heard enough of social recollections: we will next talk of politics.

THE YOUNG ENGLAND PARTY

THE YOUNG ENGLAND PARTY

Publisher. You promised to tell me your early political experiences. Were you in Parliament with the Young England party ?

Author. Yes ; but I was an outsider. I joined them much later. Young England, so called, was a body of young men who had grown up together from Eton days.

It is remarkable how much the public education of England influences the lives of public men. The associations of public schools, and then of college, survive even political rivalries : it would be curious to study the influence of college friendships on political life. The present century has seen many parties

which have had their origin and gained their strength by the ties of college sympathies. Take our great political meteor, W. Gladstone ; what a phalanx of young future legislators and statesmen were at college with him !—Cardwell, Dalhousie, Canning, Sidney Herbert, Lord Elgin, Lord Lincoln, *cum multis aliis*. All these achieved eminence in parliamentary and official life. Minister after minister, proconsul after proconsul, bear testimony to the merit of our public school and college education. Another most interesting combination of college friends in the present century resulted in the Oxford movement, when we find, about the same period as Mr. Gladstone's, a galaxy of brilliant talent fraught with the most important destinies of the future. Newman, Manning, Faber, Pusey, Ward, Moseley, all imbued with the same earnestness of faith and sincerity of purpose. Cambridge was never so strong in literary sets or

scholastic parties as Oxford, notwithstanding the old verse—

"The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Oxford knows no argument but force;
In place of troops, to Cambridge books were sent,
For Cambridge knows no force but argument."

There was at Cambridge a small reunion of men very highly esteemed, who preceded the Young England party. They were called the Apostles: Hallam, Tennyson, Doyle, Monteith (the same whom I have already mentioned as so intimately connected with Mr. Urquhart). The Apostles set was succeeded by the Young England party: it originated, as I have remarked, in early friendships and good-fellowship. Every one who has enjoyed the advantage of a public school education knows how strong those friendships are. Mr. Disraeli says in "Coningsby": "All loves in after-life can never bring their rapture; no bliss is so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy

or despair so crushing or so keen. What tenderness, what devotion, what illimitable confidence, infinite revelations of inmost thoughts, what hopes in the present, what romance in the future, and melting recollections are confined in the simple phrase—a schoolboy's friendship! It is these recollections that make grey-haired men mourn over the memory of their schoolboy days, and it is a spell that can soften the acerbity of political warfare." There was something also of the romantic poetic sentiment which existed at that time, when the memories of Byron and Shelley were still fresh. The air was full of Byronism: the golden youth might be seen with their shirt-collars turned down, and living on biscuits and soda-water, *à la* Byron. This frame of mind quickened the susceptibilities and sympathies. Young politicians felt kindly towards the poor and suffering, and strove to improve their condition, not by giving them votes,

but by ministering to their wants and their enjoyments. What Ruskin calls "the two essential instincts of humanity, the love of order and the love of kindness," in their relations to the people, were the first principle of the Young England party. Radicals proposed to console the suffering by votes and speeches; the Philosophic School gave them tracts and essays. Young England desired to lighten their servitude and to add to their enjoyments—in fact, to restore "Merrie England." People smiled at some of the panaceas suggested, but the smile was one of kindness and approval.

P. Whom did the party consist of?

A. Disraeli's novel of "Coningsby" gives a great many. There were Coningsby, Lord Henry Sydney, Sir Charles Buckhurst, Oswald Millbank. A key to "Coningsby" was published, which explains that the above names were supposed to represent

respectively—Coningsby, Hon. George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford; Lord Henry Sydney, Lord John Manners, now Duke of Rutland; Sir Charles Buckhurst, Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, now Lord Lamington; Millbank, Mr. Walter; Lord Monmouth, the Marquis of Hertford; Rigby, Mr. Croker; Sidonia, Mr. Disraeli. There was a long list of others, but there were many of the members of Young England not included in "Coningsby"—Mr. Peter Borthwick, Mr. Beresford Hope, Augustus Stafford, Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton.

There were some amusing lines on Young England, by Serjeant Murphy, which were shown me by that popular whip and favourite of the House of Commons, Colonel Taylor. They appeared at the time of "Jack Sheppard," when that admirable comedian Paul Bedford sang a song with a refrain of "Nix my dolly pals, fake away,"

which was the popular air of the barrel-organ and the ballad-singer for the next season. I never had a copy of the verses, so quote from memory.

'In the city of Oxford I was born,
At the time the moon was filling her horn,
Fake away.
Of offspring I had divers rum ones,
And you will find them all in the House of Commons,
Fake away.
I'll tell you them all—there is Cochrane-Baillie,
And then we have Benjamin Disraeli,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

"Bridport's the seat that Baillie won,
From the veteran Purist Warburton;
And Mitchell's his colleague, with face so yellow,
A Russia merchant what deals in tallow,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

"On Palmerston Baillie makes attacks,
But you must not think him a lad of wax;
I'll tell you awhile if you'll hold your peace,
For he's always a-flaring up about Greece,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

"With Roncesvalles upon his banners,
Comes prancing along my Lord John Manners;

He will play you a game of pitch-and-toss,
From a Spanish bull-fight to Don Carlos,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

"Next Peter Borthwick comes, and who knows,
Queen Christina might take him instead of Munoz.
And Benjamin Dizzy, our Jew *d'esprit*,
Who writes his novels in volumes three,—
Fake, Young England, fake away.

"We have Smythe, and Hope with his opera-hat;
But they cannot get Dicky Milnes, that's flat—
He is not yet tinctured with Puseyite leavening,
But he may drop in in the 'cool of the evening,'*—
Fake, Young England, fake away."

It may seem strange that I have only slightly mentioned Mr. Disraeli, who was supposed to be the head of the party; but this I understood was not so. He had nothing to do with the original formation of this small but far from unimportant section. After it was fairly started he took his seat on the Young England bench, and by his genius attracted all the younger members, when

* Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes was known amongst his friends as the "cool of the evening."

Grosvenor Gate became the centre where the political topics of the day were discussed and a generous hospitality was exercised. The politics of Young England may in part explain, if it does not justify, Mr. Disraeli's Household Suffrage Bill, for one of the principal tenets of Young England was perfect confidence in the people. There was an intense conviction that the Conservative stratum was to be found in the lower classes, and lately much had occurred to justify this view. The great object of the party was to relieve the working classes from the tyranny of the manufacturers and employers. It was greatly by the energetic action of Young England that the Factory Acts were passed. The effect which Mr. Busfeild Ferrand, one of the party, produced in the House when he made his first attack on the manufacturers, will live long in the parliamentary memory. He had only recently taken his seat, and had not attracted

much attention, except for his strenuous, bold, and burly appearance; but as soon as he rose, the House was taken by surprise by his Dantonesque appearance and stentorian voice. The great denunciator of all manufacturing wrongs, of tyranny and fraud, had at last appeared. It was a Danton, a Mirabeau, addressing the Convention—not a simple member of Parliament, fresh from the hustings. When he spoke of the truck system, and tore in shreds a piece of cloth, full of what he styled "devil's dust," the effect was electrical. "Who," each one asked, "was this man come to judgment, to strike the manufacturer root and branch with his terrible invective?"—a Yorkshireman, who was master of the subject, and clearly well acquainted with all the secrets of the factory system. It was a new revelation, and the Young England party followed up this speech by others in the country, which produced a great effect, and in-

terested every one in this small section of the House. So great was the interest they excited, that invariably the first question asked by a stranger referred to the Young England party. Well, this party, headed latterly by Mr. Disraeli, did exercise an important influence on social questions ; and, as has been already stated, "the Boys," as they were styled, were the favourites of society—for it was an event in society to find young men in Parliament with a new set of ideas, who spoke in the name of the people, and combined the love of class privilege with a deep sympathy for the masses. It was called romantic, visionary, poetic ; and there is even something in this, but there was much more beyond. They had most of them studied hard and thought deeply on political questions, and there was a freshness of mind, an honesty of purpose, which was an agreeable change from the hard practical dogmatic speeches of the old *habitués*,

the red-tapist parliamentarians. As they were of good social position, it may well be imagined that the interest the small party created was not confined to the House of Commons: the old politicians on either side were very kind to those who recalled to them their own youth. If it is gratifying to see the regard youth shows to age, the sympathy of age for the young is not less touching, and the verdict of the youth of the nation is the anticipation of that of posterity. The new party found no warmer friend than Lord Lyndhurst, whose generous qualities only became more expansive with advancing years. No public man of the day commanded more respect than Lord Lyndhurst; no one certainly possessed more brilliant qualities. He invited me to hear his summing-up in the famous Begum Dyce-Sombre case. What an effort of memory that was! For three hours he went through the whole evidence without even referring

to a note,—dates, localities, interviews—all were remembered: it was a grand exercitation. His annual review of the session in the House of Lords was always looked forward to with the deepest interest. I remember a curious incident. Dr. Paris told me of the influence of the imagination even on so powerful a mind. He always had a small phial of some kind of pick-me-up compounded by Dr. Paris in his waistcoat-pocket, to be ready in case of sudden faintness. On one of these occasions, at about the hour when the Lords met, Lord Lyndhurst, drove up to the doctor's in a state of great agitation, and said he had felt for the bottle as he entered the Lords, missed it, and he must make up another at once; for although he had never used it for years, he did not venture to commence without knowing it was in his pocket. He returned with his elixir, and made a magnificent oration. His was a grand old age, united alike with the old and

young ; but his dietary would not suit all palates or all purses,—*pâtés de foie gras* and curaçoa are not panaceas that are generally attainable,—but whatever the diet, it was well adapted to his grand nature. Happy days those were when we were invited to George Street (Hanover Square), and made welcome by this Nestor of hosts, the "old man eloquent," and by a hostess who in herself possessed all those qualities which such a mind as his could appreciate, and which endeared her for herself, as well for the tie which united her to our affectionate friend and protector. How gladly we learned from him the tales of his early life and splendid successes ! how he would hit off by word or action the nature of his colleagues ! "I'll show you what Peel is," and button his coat up to his chin. "There is Peel, buttoned up with reserve." Lord Lyndhurst quite realised Faber's notion of a grand old age :

"Old age, what is it but a name
For wilder joys departed?
For we shall be for ever young,
If we are loyal-hearted."

Lady Lyndhurst's pleasant dinners and charming suppers we were always invited to. The great ladies mentioned in a former paper all welcomed us, and many others not mentioned there crowned us with their sympathy and good wishes. We were never tired of hearing Mr. Townley, who with Lady Caroline added so much to the charm of society, speak of his father, Mr. Peregrine Townley, who was in Paris during the days of the French Revolution in 1793, and was the frequent guest of Robespierre, whom he described as a very pleasant companion and admirable *raconteur*. When in a merry mood, Robespierre was in the habit of pulling him by the ears while he called him, "Ah, polisson! mauvais garçon!" This seems a peculiar habit of French

rulers, for we read that Napoleon treated his favourite courtiers in the same caressing manner.

Lord Brougham was another of the *ultimi Romanorum* who welcomed the youth of the time with kindly greeting. Many a lesson of political life we learned from him. I recall that on one occasion he laid down as the principle of the first element of success the power of concentrating the mind on one subject. We had been talking of the French Revolution.

"Do you mean, Lord Brougham," I asked, "that if you had been sentenced to be guillotined at ten o'clock you would have forgotten it till the hour arrived?"

"If I were sentenced to be guillotined at ten o'clock I would not think of it until eight o'clock," he replied. "On the occasion of my speech on the Queen's trial, when all my reputation depended upon it, I determined to banish it from

my mind. I slept so sound the night before, I only awoke in the morning in time to go to the Court."

A keen sense of the ridiculous he considered a proof of genius. He possessed an amusing sense of his own importance and his popular estimation. One day I went with him to dine at the Trafalgar, at Greenwich. We were a party of six: it was a picnic dinner, and we each of us paid our share. Lord Brougham called for writing materials and wrote a cheque. One of us suggested that if he had not any money we could lend it. "No, no," said Lord Brougham, "I have plenty of money; but don't you see, the host may prefer my signature to the money." Lord Brougham's kind interest in us was not limited to London; it extended to his charming residence, Brougham Hall, which is admirably restored, and a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. There are few places commanding such wide and beautiful

prospects. The most favoured were invited to the Château Eleanor at Cannes, which place, now grown into a great city, owes its existence as a winter residence to Lord Brougham. At the time when he first settled at Cannes the town consisted of one street and one small house hardly worthy of the name of a hotel, kept by a man called Pinchinet, whom Lord Brougham called Pinch-'em-hard. It was quite by accident that Lord Brougham ever purchased land and built at Cannes. He was on his road to Italy. When he arrived at the Italian frontier on the Var, he was told if he passed on to Nice he would have to perform quarantine on his return to France, the cholera being in Italy ; so he returned to Cannes, and was compensated for the inconvenience of the delay by the beauty of the surrounding country. There was the wide richly cultivated plain, bounded on one side by the rippling waters of the dark-blue sea ; on the land side by the

long waving line of the blue Estérel, or by hills covered with the orange-tree, the vine, and olive; the ground carpeted with fragrant wild flowers; and the pine and the palm were not wanting for the perfection of scenes such as Claude loved to paint. Lord Brougham decided to make an immediate purchase of land, which the country people were only too anxious to dispose of. He bought several hundred acres, and built the Château Eleanor; and later Mr. Leader the Château Leader. To these were soon added Château St. George and a house built by Mr. Woolfield, the clergyman. At the present time instead of four *châteaux*, may be seen forty or fifty monster hotels, three or four hundred villas, interminable boulevards, and endless streets. No more rides in olive and orange glades, no wanderings through pine-forests and palm-grove,

"Qua pinus ingens albaque populus,"

used to invite the wanderer to a charming

retirement and peaceful repose : there are now hideous stuccoed houses or vulgar æsthetic villas, while the publican, dealer, and trader have supplanted the simple kind Provençal.

P. You mentioned Mr. Leader, member for Wesminster — was he the same Mr. Leader who played a not inconsiderable part in Paliament at one time ?

A. Yes. Talking of parties in the House, I wonder I omitted him and Sir William Molesworth. He and Sir William Molesworth did form a party and used to give parliamentary dinners, inviting the members in their joint names. What were the exact tenets and opinions of their party (I think they numbered twenty or thirty) I am ignorant, but they were known by the general designation of " Philosophical Radicals." You are aware that Molesworth was afterwards Colonial Secretary, and gained great credit in the post. Mr.

Leader subsequently sold the Chateau Leader and settled in Florence.

P. Is he still there ?

A. Yes he resides there at the present time. He has made extensive purchases of land round Florence, especially at Fiesole, where a remarkable Castle Vincigliata has been rebuilt by him, representing precisely the old one which was nearly destroyed during the wars of the Republic. He made a good exchange from the benches of the House of Commons to the City of the Lily seated in all her beauty by the Arno.

P. This brings me back to Young England, from which we have wandered.

A. True, the memory is very discursive. Lord Brougham recalled the Riviera, the Riviera suggested Leader, Leader Florence ; but I return to Young England, who may be said to have come to light at Cambridge. The Union of Cambridge was the vestibule of St. Stephen's. Young England

brought to the House of Commons the fervid declamation which was the characteristic of undergraduate oratory, and which used to call forth the cheers of the Pitt and Canning Clubs. The young party started with one great advantage; they believed in themselves and in the power of sympathy. For them youth was rich in possibilities. Mr. Disraeli writes, "I do not say that youth is genius, only it is divine." The history of heroes is the history of youth. The age thirty-seven is the old age of intellect. Byron died at thirty-seven; Raphael and Burns died at that age. Was not Mr. Pitt Prime Minister at twenty-three?—Lord Henry Petty, Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-one? Did not Napoleon, a sub-lieutenant, without any influence to aid him, command the armies of Italy at twenty-seven? Was he not First Consul at thirty-one; Emperor at thirty-three; had kings for his

sentinels when he was thirty-five? All his Marshals, Kleber, Massena, Jourdan, Hoche, were under thirty. Don John of Austria fought Lepanto at twenty-four. Thus, to Young England all life lay mapped out before them. It was not, like Columbus, the Old World seeking the New; it was the New World of ideas starting forth to influence, if not to renew, the Old.

All the Young Englanders were in some degree poetic. A few of them were poets, and wrote very graceful verses. Among them Monckton Milnes was most known and admired. Some of his poems will live as long as the English language. The "Brookside" and "They seemed to those who saw them meet" are dear to many a sympathising heart. Mr. Beresford Hope is not so well known, but he wrote lines well worthy of record.

But our great master of epigram and impromptu verse was one not exactly a

member of Young England, but who always gave them his support, and was beloved by men of all parties and opinions. Augustus Stafford—the very name recalls all that is genial, kind and true—at college or after college, in the House of Commons or in the lobby, he was a universal favourite. I think he was the author of the lines on the Master of Trinity—Whewell, whom they were irreverently wont to call Billy Whistle. The Master of Trinity had published the profoundest works on the deepest and most abstruse subjects: one of these was the "Plurality of Worlds." One morning he received the following:

"Through the realm of invention wherever you travel,
And the secrets of worlds and of nature unravel,
You will find when you've mastered the works of infinity,
The greatest of all is the Master of Trinity."

The Master of Trinity had a very exalted

opinion of his own importance, because the Master's residence had been once a palace. He considered himself entitled to royal observances, and undergraduates were not permitted to sit in his presence. I have heard that some amusing incidents occurred when the Queen visited Cambridge and resided at the Master's house.

The Queen's visit I allude to was on the occasion of Prince Albert's installation as Chancellor of the University, to that collegiate throne where

> "Villiers' grace of old, and Cecil's grandeur shone"—

when the famous contest took place between the Prince and the Earl of Powis. It was at the time when Lord Powis had been the defender of the Welsh bishoprics, and Prince Albert had just invented a new infantry uniform hat, which had not obtained the approbation of the army. This was too tempting an opportunity, for Augustus

Stafford, and the following verses were widely circulated :

" Prince Albert on this side, Lord Powis on that,
We will not say which is the brighter ;
But we give up the youth who invented the hat,
For the man who has saved us a mitre.

" Then why, oh collegiate dons, do you run
Into all this Senate-house bother ?
Can it be that the lad who invented the one
Has a share in dispensing the other ? " *

Much-loved Augustus Stafford, that frank, cordial, friendly nature, so sadly and harshly treated by those who should have judged all acts in a more generous manner ! Yes, he was somewhat vain, proud of his talents—and why not ? Why should a woman not appreciate her beauty, and a man his intellectual superiority ? Men of heart like to see the feelings of success and the glory of the triumph lightening the brow and

* Although it has no connection with this period, I am tempted, while quoting graceful verse, to recall two stanzas by Cowper, written on the occasion of the

brightening the eye; and one should sympathise with the language of Rahel to Ranke on the death of Gentz: "Therefore you cannot know how I for that very reason loved my lost friend when he said that he was so happy to feel his superiority to many others, and this with a little laugh of triumph. Wise enough to be silent is every transient distorted mind; but give me the self-betraying soul, the

fire at Lord Mansfield's, when all the library of Lord Chief-Justice Murray was entirely destroyed:—

"And Murray sighs o'er Pope, and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,
That graced his lettered store.

"*Their* pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was his alone;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of his own."

Mr. Pitt used to say that letters of Murray or Peterborough were those which he would rather possess than any other originals. The few specimens we have of Murray's compositions justify the high appreciation of Mr. Pitt.

childlike simplicity of heart to speak it out."

P. All your college set were not given to politics, but I suppose you associated with men of all opinions and of all pursuits ?

A. There was a great deal of sympathetic sentiment at this date among the undergraduates. For instance, when the Earl of Dundonald (better known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Roads) paid a visit to Cambridge, he dined in the Hall of Trinity College, and when he entered the Hall all the fellows and students stood up. This was remarkable ; for the glorious exploit of Basque Roads occurred in 1809, but it still interested the rising generation. Lord Cochrane's was quite a reputation to win the sympathy of the young and daring. Napoleon called him "le Loup des Mers," and always expressed astonishment at the treatment the great captain received. I

remember Lord Dundonald saying, in no boasting spirit, for he was simplicity itself, "that he never knew what fear was." A near relative of the great Marquis of Anglesey told me that the Marquis always made the same remark.

We were very cosmopolitan in our college life; wine-parties, riding-parties, reading-parties, we took part in all, and pleasant they all were. Many an early ride to Newmarket, not for racing but for breakfast, and boating excursions to Ely. We were never tired of visiting the Cathedral, one of the most beautiful and oldest ecclesiastical churches in the land.

I do not intend to afflict you with a series of undergraduate reminiscences; but there occurred an incident indirectly associated with the Bishop of Lincoln which suggests an amusing and original mode of raising money. There was a rather popular, extravagant young fellow, well known and well

liked in all sets, whose popularity led him frequently into financial crises. He was the nephew of Mr. Mortlock, the great Cambridge banker, and also of the Bishop of Lincoln. The relatives did all they could,—paid and paid until they would pay no more, and at last desired him to take his name off the boards. This he refused to do, but adopted an unusual expedient to have his debts paid. He hired an apple-stall and a small tent, placed them exactly opposite Mr. Mortlock's bank, with the inscription in large letters on the stall, "Fruit-stall kept by Mr. Mortlock, nephew of Messrs. Mortlock, bankers, and of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. No change given." He passed the day seated in the tent in a magnificent velvet-lined cloak, books on the table; beside him there was a plate to receive donations, which poured in—sovereigns and half-sovereigns abounded. As there was room for two in the tent, friends took it

by turns to sit with him. Mr. Mortlock, the banker, could not move out or even appear at the windows without seeing a crowd, whose sympathies were all with the stall-keeper, and who enjoyed the joke immensely. The result was inevitable. He had to be bought off. However, he did not remain at college; the authorities found an early excuse to get rid of him.

P. I daresay you could fill a volume with anecdotes of college life; but I feel more interest in the conduct of Young England in the House of Commons. Where did you sit? For there are no cross-benches in the Commons as in the Lords, where it is understood peers have places assigned for what Lord Rosebery called "cross-bench minds."

A. No; but sitting below the gangway, it is understood you are open to convictions, and are not out-and-out Ministerialist. The Young Englanders

were not supposed to adopt a factious line: they simply expressed in bright and vigorous language fresh political views, which they hoped to see adopted by the Government, so they sat on the bench exactly behind the Ministerial or leader of the Opposition. It was not without anxiety Sir Robert Peel heard the voices of the new party who clearly intended to be independent of the Tapers and Tadpoles of the Government, and would not at word of command cheer his glowing utterances. They were the more important because the *Times*, as represented by Mr. Walter, adopted them, and honoured their speeches with leading articles and panegyrics. The fact is, Sir Robert Peel was not popular in the House, and not even with the nation for whom he made the greatest sacrifice, even that of consistency. When he arrived from Rome in 1835, he was at the zenith of his popularity and fame: it was something to have a whole nation

hanging in suspense on the movements, of one man, while the Duke of Wellington really filled *ad interim* every office in the State. It was then Sir Robert had that remarkable reception at Glasgow, when he was installed as Lord Rector of the University, and made two speeches, one as Lord Rector, and the other in reply to his health at the banquet, which have never been equalled, certainly never surpassed, by any succeeding Lord Rector. But if his speech was frank, free, and open, his manner was not so, and the result was that the great divisions in the lobbies

"Knit votes which served with hearts abhorring Peel."

And all this arose from his shyness, for he was a kind friend, a true and honourable man, of whom Mr. Raikes Currie (in one of those admirable speeches frequently delivered at the dinner-hour, which have therefore won no applause, either within or without the walls of the

House) so greatly and nobly expressed himself, when he said turning to Sir Robert, "He who would enter on a great political career must bring to its study qualities to which I have no pretension,—industry, philosophy, deep thought, perfect habits of business, unremitting self-denial. When my name shall be forgotten or remembered only as a household word beloved by my children or descendants, you, sir, will be remembered, for you belong to history; you will ever be spoken of as the statesman of unsurpassed ability, as the consummate orator, the unrivalled debater, as one who achieved successes in a field of intense competition. Will you not demand something more, standing as you do on the summit of fame, with, as I may say all nations and languages at your feet,—will you not use your power, like the prophet of old, to bless and not to curse the people?"

A similar appeal was made to Sir

Robert Peel as to the use of his great power, in the following verses :

" Oh thou to whose plebeian brow
The noblest lords are forced to bow,
And e'en thy sovereign must avow,
Thy plenitude of power ;
So high indeed thy name doth rise,
That men who love thee not nor prize,
Can with thy feelings sympathise
In this triumphant hour.

" When high-born fools who would think it shame
To bear thy father's honest name,
Now humbly beg to share the fame
And trophies of the war ;
When 'neath the spur hot Stanley frets,
And, thankful for the post he gets,
The last of the Plantagenets
Walks fettered to thy car.

" Oh ! if thou couldst but understand,
How great to rule the noblest land
That mortal eye has ever scanned
Since time its course began ;
Thou wouldst not stoop their aid to ask,
But doff the actor's hollow mask,
Rise equal to the mighty task,
Proclaim yourself a man.

"Then thou wilt only place retain
To rid our commerce of its chain,
The bigot's folly to restrain,
And give the poor man bread;
And then perchance, content and free,
The people will thy guardians be,
And in their gratitude decree
A laurel for thy head.

"But if with low and factious aim,
Thou playest the landlord's degenerate game,
No power on earth shall shield thy fame
From Britain's darkest frown.
No craft nor speech nor haughty pride
Shall turn the vengeful shaft aside,
The curse of talent misapplied
Alone shall drag thee down.

"And thou wilt leave to after-times
Dark records of blood and crimes,
And bards will tell in future rhymes,
Of one who, raised by fate
From out the people's ranks to be
The lord of England's sovereignty,
Fell far below his destiny,
And did not dare be great."

The orator and the poet were satisfied when in 1846 Sir Robert Peel proposed

the repeal of the Corn Laws. It is needless to say what a blow this was to all his party. The consequence of this sudden change of policy extended far beyond the measure itself, for it was the commencement of the sad loss of confidence in public men. It was not, however, until six months afterwards that the division on the Irish Coercion Bill hurled the great Minister from power. However much he was convinced of his own integrity of purpose, it cannot have been without deep emotion that on this memorable evening he saw the great country party pass into the Opposition lobby. It was well said at the time, that those who voted against him on that occasion "were men of honour, breeding, and refinement, of great weight and station in the country." They had been not only his followers but his friends, had joined in the same pastimes, drunk from the same cup, and in the pleasantness of private life had often forgotten

together the cares and strife of politics. He must have felt the bitterness of fate, while the Manners, the Lowthers, the Bentincks, the Somersets, passed before him. Yes; these were the country gentlemen, the gentlemen of England, with whose cheers, but five years before, the very same building had been ringing whenever he rose: they were proud at having him for their leader. So they marched out, all the men of high character, and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened, and whose council he had so often solicited in his eloquent speeches.

This occasion was the first difference of opinion in the Young England party. To some it seemed more desirable rather to continue to support a Conservative Ministry, than to turn out Sir Robert Peel and let in the Whigs for the sake of a great principle, more especially when he could only be put into a minority by voting with the Opposition. It was a

very difficult position for young politicians to be placed in, the more so as not a few had very recently been speaking at agricultural meetings, and advocated the principle of protection in magniloquent periods. Many of the boroughs at that time embraced large contiguous country districts—indeed, in not rare instances, the agricultural element predominated; but up to the last moment there was perfect confidence in the staunchness of Sir Robert to protection, and the voters had been gladened with eloquent descriptions of golden crops and remunerative harvests, "of the bold peasantry, the country's pride." Nothing had been wanting to complete the picture of agricultural prosperity; now these visions had melted into air, and hereafter England was to depend on other countries for her food-supplies. Those of our party who cared for men more than measures, resolved to consult the great man himself. Inter-

views with Prime Ministers are always solemn events, and it was not without nervousness that we went to Whitehall Gardens. But if we were nervous, Sir Robert Peel was much more so. No schoolboy could be more anxious than the great Minister. While with one hand he fidgeted with his watch-chain and seals, with the other he played with papers which were lying on the table. Still, when once he began to explain the position, no words could be heartier, no expression of feeling nobler. He said his brother, Colonel Peel, found himself in the same difficulty. When Sir Robert was told that in some instances it was impossible conscientiously to retain the seat without re-election, he made tempting offers to vacate on taking office, which were invariably declined. One of the elections consequent on these events was remarkable. The rival candidates were exactly equal the whole day. The poll was published every hour after

eight o'clock, and on each occasion it was a tie. The poll should have closed at four o'clock, but at a quarter to four an excited mob made an attack on the polling booth. It was carried away, together with the returning officers and poll-clerks, the Liberal candidate, as it was supposed, being in a majority of one. The return was to be declared at the town-hall, whither the Conservative candidate went to protest against the return as illegal, the poll not having been kept open until four. As he commenced a very energetic protestation, the returning officer beckoned him to draw near, and whispered, "It is a mistake, you have a majority of one." As he spoke the band was heard approaching, playing "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" They were chairing the supposed successful candidate. When the triumphal procession reached the town-hall, they were told of the mistake, when (as was commonly reported) the occupant of the

chair descended from his rickety and most uncomfortable elevation, for the bearers were in very high spirits, and the Conservative, then member, took his place. Again "See, the Conquering Hero" was played by the same band, the same mob of thirsty souls cheered, and the same amount of beer flowed, although from a different source. Alas! the result of all this was the break-up of the great country party, and what was more, the loss of confidence in the consistency of public men.

It was very remarkable that a statesman who had seen and lived so much in all societies, and with so great self-command, in public, was so shy in private life. I remember on one occasion going rather early to dinner—a large parliamentary dinner—in Whitehall Gardens, and meeting a member who was leaving. "I must be very late," I said to him.

"No, you are early," he replied;

" but I am sure there is a mistake in the day. I must have been invited for next Saturday, for I have been in the picture-gallery with Sir Robert for a quarter of an hour, and he has never spoken a word to me."

This was a new member, and not acquainted with Sir Robert's manner. I advised him to return. He did so, and was warmly greeted by Sir Robert, who gained confidence with the increase in the number of his guests.

Sir Robert was not less remarkable for his physical than for his mental power. He was an excellent shot and a good walker. I have heard one who was learned in all manner of sports say he had met few better walkers and better shots ; but both as a walker and a shot, he never met any one to equal Sir Robert.

He dined frequently at the House of Commons. The catering was at that time in the hands of Bellamy. There

was a great difference between the dinner arrangements at that time and the present. Then, members dined in the kitchen, and the dinner was cooked before them. There was little besides beefsteaks and mutton-chops; but they were grilled at a roaring fire, and never were mutton-chops better served. Now, there is an elaborate *menu* of *entrées* and joints; but the change is not for the better, and the old members regret the simple *cuisine* of forty years since. What would they have thought of the new innovation of ladies dining within the sacred precincts? Never was change greater than this, except in the smoking arrangements. Formerly, the only place for smoking was Gossett's room. Captain Gossett was Sergeant-at-Arms, and no one more popular ever filled the post. He was given two rooms, and one of these he invited his friends to smoke in. There were the pleasant reunions. Within these walls no party

feeling entered; it was *lasciate ogni asperitate voi ch'entrate.* Each of the invited brought his own cigars and whisky—that is, all who frequently enjoyed this society used to send a present of whisky, and there was no light consumption of the old Glenlivet and poteen. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone was asked what he imagined was the consumption during the session. He put it at three hundred and fifty bottles, and he was right within half a dozen. I very much question whether the new smoking-rooms ever will see such a genial society as the small retreat where the walls were covered with the photographs of the visitors, and where the pleasant talk until "Who goes home?" was heard, was only interrupted by the division bell.

Few deaths ever produced such a sense of loss to the nation as the death of Sir Robert Peel, which occurred in 1850, in consequence of a fall from his

horse on Constitution Hill. The people seemed stunned. Right or wrong in his politics, he had occupied a large place in the national mind. It was hard to realise the loss of that great intellect. It was a mournful day in the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone rose to move the adjournment of the House; there were tears in the eyes of all present. "Now," said the great orator,

> "is the stately column broke,
> The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
> The trumpet's silver sound is still,
> The warder silent on the hill."

And then in thrilling voice and in noble language the speaker expressed in no exaggerated terms the deep loss the nation had sustained. There is no assembly more sympathetic than the House of Commons, or more generous in its instincts. It is easy to talk of the deterioration of the House. I believe that there is very little deterioration, and that it still remains the first assem-

blage of gentlemen in Europe. This was an occasion to which Mr. Gladstone was equal, for it appealed to all the deepest feelings of our nature. Had Mr. Gladstone been a great prelate, his funeral orations would have rivalled Bossuet's. Mr. Gladstone's great power arises from the intensity of his conviction. It is of no moment to him that the opinion of Tuesday may not be the opinion of Monday; but whatever his opinion at the time, he is thoroughly convinced that it is right. To attack him, then, on the ground of inconsistency is idle: he will reply that he is the one consistent man that—

> "Nel mondo mutabile e leggiero
> Costanza e spesso il variar pensiero."

It was well said by some one, "When Mr. Gladstone brings forward a question it is with a majestic authority, as if he came down from the mountain with the Ten Commandments in his despatch-box for private reference." I have always

felt that if Mr. Gladstone, from his place in the House, chose to accuse me of any crime, not only would he at once persuade the House that I had committed it, but would persuade even myself that I had done it.

Mr. Gladstone's sympathetic utterance on the death of Sir Robert Peel reminds me that two years later his great rival moved the funeral honours of the Duke of Wellington. The highest expectations were aroused; never was such a grand occasion—more favourable for a noble orator than the death of Sir Robert Peel—for in the case of the great Duke there could be but one unanimous sentiment. If I remember right, there was a national mourning. Over the untimely grave of the eminent statesman, passions were hushed for a time; but party animosity only slumbered, for there were many who loved him not and deplored him not. The Great Captain's death was felt throughout the length and breadth,

not alone of Great Britain, but of the civilised world. Well was it written at the time, "It is the last stone torn from the ancient foundations of the European monarchies, and the present generation, leaning breathless over the dark gulf of the future, and listening to its fall in the unfathomable deep." The great Minister, the powerful orator, addressed the House of Commons, on this memorable occasion. Strange to say, he fell far short of the hopes and wishes of all the expectant hearers. It was very remarkable, and more remarkable that he who possessed in their fulness "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn," should ever have adopted the words which had been spoken over the grave of the Marshal Gouvion de Saint Cyr. "Doubtless," said Mr. Disraeli, to think with vigour, with clearness, and with depth in the recess of the Cabinet, is a fine intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigour, clear-

ness, and depth among bullets, appears the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of the human faculties." These were pretty near the words in the funeral oration of the Maréchal, in which the expression, "le silence de son cabinet" was curiously translated by Mr. Disraeli " in the recess of the Cabinet ; " and if I remember right, it was this which attracted attention. Had Mr. Disraeli taken the trouble, he could have spoken imperishable words on that occasion. Only two years had passed since the invasion of the Houses of Parliament by Feargus O'Connor and his Chartist hordes had been averted by the genius and determination of the Great Captain. When the Queen went to Osborne, and the Duke accepted the command of all the forces, it was understood that he was to possess undivided responsibility and authority. It was truly a momentous day when in the very early dawn a large force was concentrated in the metro-

polis, and yet not a soldier to be seen the whole day; not a carriage was seen in the streets which were patrolled by special constables. At four o'clock, when the House was sitting, Feargus O'Connor asked permission for the Chartist delegates from the mass on the other side of Westminster Bridge to introduce the monster petition. The answer was, that the petition of the people would, of course, be received by the House, but no deputation. Then Feargus O'Connor's heart sank. On the Vauxhall side of the bridge, there were the tens of thousands he had collected from all parts in the hope of the plunder of the metropolis; but O'Connor well knew that although no soldier was seen, they occupied every house in the vicinity; that the Great Duke had said, if one of his soldiers was struck with a stone, or a man put his foot on the bridge, the leaders of the movement and their followers must take the consequences

of their deeds. The cannon knew no distinction of persons, so Feargus O'Connor took the most prudent course, and with great difficulty induced his forces to disperse, and so ended the eventful revolution of 1848.

Some of the Chartist songs, though very profane, possessed a good deal of vigour. I remember the first stanza of one which was popular with this socialist party—

> "Crucified, crucified every morn,
> Beaten with stripes and crowned with thorn;
> Spurned and spat on, and drenched with gall—
> Brothers, how long will ye bear this thrall?
> Mary of Magdalene, Peter, and John,
> Answer the question and pass it on."

In Mr. Disraeli's graceful dedication of "Coninsgby" to Mr. Henry Hope, he mentions that it was composed amid "the glades and galleries of Deepdene," where the party of Young England were ever warmly welcomed, and never was a spot where the youthful imagination

could find a more genial home. It possessed all the charm that woodland and undulating ground and abundant flowers could bestow without ; and within, every grace that the most cultivated taste and refinement could lavish upon it. An Italian style of building, which, if not precisely adapted to the climate, harmonised with the landscape. Happy days were passed there by the youthful party, who added, spite of the warning of Rasselas, to their present enjoyment the fond hopes of the future. There were many visitors to Deepdene, most of whom sympathised with the ambitions and aspirations of youth. One dear kind friend arrived there, with whom a pleasant incident is associated. General Sir Willoughby Cotton had returned from an important Indian command. He was a very grand, dignified officer, warm-hearted, irascible, and was ready to resent any slight absence of due consideration. So much so, that the

first day after his return, when the members of the Carlton pressed round to congratulate him on his arrival, among them was Mr. Quintin Dick, who slapped the General on the back, and said, "How are you, Willoughby?"

The General started, stared at him, and replied, "Pretty well, Mr. Richard."

"Richard! why, you have forgotten, I am Dick!"

"Yes, sir; but although you are familiar enough to call me Willoughby, I am not familiar enough to call you Dick!"

Mr. Henry Hope had been presented with two little bears, which were during the day, tied to separate trees by long chains. These bears were constant objects of curiosity, and it was observed that the sure sign of their being out of temper was when they licked their paws. One morning they were evidently in a very bad humour, and we were all looking at them, when the General said,

"Not any of you young fellows dare to unchain one of the bears."

"Why, you are a great officer, and you won't do it," was the reply.

"You mean I dare not?" said Sir Willoughby, very indignantly.

"No!" we exclaimed.

He took a short stick out of one of our hands, and went to the bear. The little brute licked his paws more and more as the General began to unwind the chain, while we chuckled with delight. No sooner was the chain unwound than the bear clasped the General's portly form in his arms. In vain he struck him on the head with his stick. All his breath was crushed out of him. We all rushed to the rescue. Every one belaboured the little animal, and at last he left hold of the General, who sank panting to the ground. We could not seize the chain, and off went the bear, through the flower-beds, to the house, scattering a group of ladies who were sitting on the terrace.

The bear dashed through the hall door, dragging his chain after him, down the wide gallery, and straight into a china-closet, with glass doors, which stood at the end of it. Then came crash! crash!! crash!!! All the establishment rushed to the rescue, and at last the bear was secured; but not until the closet had become the scene of dire disaster. It may be supposed that after this the bears were never tied to the trees, but were kept in durance vile. This may seem a somewhat unimportant incident to record, but it was a very amusing scene. How pleasant it was after the long weary hours of the House of Commons to find ourselves in such a cheerful house, where host and hostess only cared for the happiness of their guests! I remember Mr. Disraeli always posted down from London. He considered there was no enjoyment equal to travelling in a comfortable carriage with a pair of good posters. How much

was the charm of the travel enhanced, when it was to enjoy a period of repose in a house which possessed what a poet wrote every house should possess, the three L's—light, life, and love!

It was on such occasions that Mr. Disraeli would tell us the tale of his early life, which really was the life of Vivian Grey. The *Quarterly Review* said: "No one can forget his first impressions on reading 'Vivian Grey,' and it may well be understood that those who enjoyed the privilege of listening to his tale of the dawn of that ambitious, grand, and crowded life, can never forget it. Like Napoleon, he achieved eminence, not only without any extraneous aid, but in spite of every disadvantage. He again, like Napoleon, had faith in himself. It is easy to preach the doctrine of humility; but more careers are sacrificed by men underrating than overrating themselves. He possessed the admirable quality of rising

after failure—defeat never crushed him. Like the fabled oak, he was strengthened by every blow." It is well known that his failure on the occasion of his first speech in the House in no way daunted him, and yet the failure would have broken most men. Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, told me that he drove with Disraeli from Gore House after this disappointment, and that he was in a most dejected state. Sheil said it was not a break down, it was a crash down. A very short time elapsed before he addressed the House again, and sat down amid cheers from all sides. It was told of him—he never told it himself—during his boyhood that he was asked by Lord Melbourne. "Well, what do you intend to be?" and his ready reply was, "Prime Minister." These parties at the Deepdene succeeded his marriage, when he returned from a long Continental tour, during which he was received with distinction in every Court

and every society. By every account, in Paris he was the observed of all,—the representatives of all parties and opinions paid homage to his intellect. He was on the most friendly terms with the King, with whom he was frequently closeted. Lord Brougham, who was at Paris at the same time, found himself eclipsed, and saw Disraeli's success with ill-concealed annoyance.

Another country house where Young England were received with open arms was Mr. Walter's, at Bearwood. Mr. Walter possessed the majority of shares in the *Times*, and could therefore control its politics. Most of the papers, even the Opposition, were favourable to young men who at least possessed earnestness and honourable ambition; but the *Times* and *Morning Post* took them under their special protection. The latter paper had not at that date hoisted what the *Times* called "the red flag of the Foreign Office on the bare

poles of Protection : " it was the recognised organ of the upper circles of society, and was conducted with remarkable ability by Mr. Peter Borthwick, a prominent member of the Young England party. His son, Sir Algernon Borthwick, has not only maintained the high reputation of the journal, but, under his admirable management, it is second to none in its widely extended influence and its high standard of merit. Many pleasant re-unions we had in the sanctum of the *Morning Post*, when the questions of the day were discussed, with frequently very impracticable results. At the *Times* office we were given a small room, where we had all the advantage of early information and competent advisers. It was, however, at Bearwood, Mr. Walter's country seat, that we enjoyed the benefit of his sagacity and wide experience. A spirit of kindness and peace pervaded the whole place ; an extensive park invited to long strolls

with our host, from whom we learnt much of interest connected with the topics of the day. At Bearwood there is a large sheet of water, which was the scene of a deeply affecting incident. Mr. Walter's grandson was a most graceful thinker and writer. He had been on a voyage round the world, and rejoined his family two days before Christmas, and he lost his life in a most noble effort to save the lives of others who had fallen in, and were struggling amongst the broken ice. It was a noble self-sacrifice. But what was most remarkable, he had but recently been translating some German poems, in which were lines of solemn beauty, strangely prophetic—

> "When most the chill of death I dread,
> Chill like the sharp and bitter cold,
> Ere dawns in heaven the morning red."

No family in the country have ever been more highly considered and more universally popular than Mr. Walter's. It was a sad blow when Mr. Walter, the

friend of Young England, was unseated on petition. The committee had sat for, I think, five or six weeks. At that time election petitions were tried by Committees of the House; and so little confidence was there in the impartiality of our statesmen, that it was customary to select an equal number from each side and a chairman. It was felt that, except in cases where differences of opinion are quite impossible, the ultimate decision must rest with the chairman, who again rarely voted against his party; so, in general, when the chairman was known, the result of the petition was pretty certain. Mr. Walter's case was very remarkable; for after the many weary days, no evidence of bribery and corruption worth anything in the opinion of the committee had been brought forward, and there was a general feeling that the petition would be declared "frivolous and vexatious." It was Mr. Walter's own counsel who subsequently, from not

having attended throughout the proceedings, suggested the weak points which the committee had overlooked, and which afforded a justification for half the committee to vote that the "preamble was proved," when the chairman gave the casting vote, which confirmed this view, so Mr. Walter was unseated.

Since the days of "Coningsby" there has not been so large a number of young men returned to Parliament as there is in the present, and in respect of age it might almost be called a Younger England. Those members of Young England who have passed away, or the few survivors, are many of them represented by the new generation. These may now apply to themselves the eloquent conclusion of "Coningsby": "They stand on the threshold of public life. What will be their fate? Will they maintain in august assemblies and high places the great truths which they have embraced;

or will their courage exhaust itself in the struggle, their generous impulses yield to the tawdry temptations of a low ambition; or will they remain brave and true, refuse to bow before shadows and worship phrases; sensible of the greatness of their position, recognise the greatness of their duties, denounce to a perplexed and disheartened world the frigid theories of a generalising age? Will they believe in their own energies, and dare to be great?"

P. I wish I had confidence enough to be able to say yes. But without being a *laudator temporis acti*, I feel more pleasure in your political recollections than a contemporary survey is calculated to afford. I hope you have still more reminiscences to relate of this period.

A. When you next visit me after a month or two, I shall be glad to allow you to make some more drafts on my memory. But the clash of political

warfare once more resounds, and the memories of the Past must give place for a time to the actualities of the Present.

NOTE

BY CONSTANCE, COUNTESS DE LA WARR

THERE has been a great desire for a long time on the part of many of my father's (Lord Lamington) relations and friends that there should be a reprint in book form of "In the Days of the Dandies," a work on which he was occupied at the time of his falling, alas! a victim to the scourge of influenza on February 15, 1890. To the gratification, therefore, of all who knew and loved him so well, this work now re-appears.

From his early college days, as Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, he made his mark in literary and political life, but "In the Days of the Dandies" gives a full description of it, and of all those who, as members of the New England party, became his steadfast friends. There is no need, therefore, to speak further of that phase of his career, but a little picture of his life in his Scotch home may be of interest.

He succeeded to the estates of Lamington through the female line, in direct descent from Scotland's great hero, Sir William Wallace, who married Marian Braidford, the then heiress of the Baillie property. When my father came into possession in 1837 it was

indeed a wild and desolate heritage. Wallace's Tower, on the banks of the Clyde, which still stands on the site of the family place, had for ages been in ruins, and the property passing from one hand to another, had been neglected and left uncultivated. A few small mud hovels composed the so-called village; the valley, surrounded by high heathered hills, was generally in a flood from the overflowings of the Clyde, as no banks checked its career; there was no cultivation and very few trees; the inhabitants were half savage and totally uneducated. It must indeed have been with feelings of dismay and despair that my father gazed on his property, when, after that six days' journey from London, he arrived in a post-chaise and pair to visit his new possession. There were no bridges over the river, and he had a most perilous drive through the one ford; the road was almost impassable, and when he reached the village of hovels, the inhabitants came forth to meet him, gazed in utter bewilderment at the carriage and horses, which they kept patting, and gave vent to cries of admiration at the silver-mounted harness and the whole turn-out. The only lodging which was provided for him was in a tumbledown toll-house, which still exists. Notwithstanding the desolate scene, my father's quick mind saw there was scope to effect a change, and he lost no time in summoning agents, gardeners, husbandmen and architects to carry out his plans. A pretty burn ran through the

village, and he at once gave orders for plane and fir trees to be planted on each side of its banks, and walks to be made beside it right up to the hills, on which he laid out plans for plantations. He then had designs made for civilised cottages and a school-house, and selected a site for his own home.

When, in 1844, he brought my mother there as a bride, Lamington, though still in its infancy, had undergone a great transformation. The valley had been drained, dams had been made to check the Clyde's impetuous course, cottages with pretty gardens had risen up where the hovels had been, and the inhabitants showed some signs of civilisation. My mother's heart, although she had come from one of the loveliest homes in the south of England, at once went out to her new northern one, and from the first day of her arrival she entered with heart and soul into all my father's plans. While Lamington House was slowly growing, my father and mother took up their abode in a rough inn a few miles away to watch its building. The plantations on the hills soon began to raise their heads and, little by little, and year by year, Lamington, under the hands of love, grew into the lovely spot it now is. The picturesque gabled house became the centre of intellectual life, and many can testify to the happy days spent there.

My dear father was ever doing something to beautify his home or working for the welfare of those dependent on him, and he had the satisfaction, which many

have not, of seeing and being able to rejoice in the fruit of all he had done. It so often happens that those who plant do not reap the produce, as his old forester said to him one day, some fifteen years before he died, when he was laying out a new plantation.

"Eh! Baillie-Cochrane, it's jist a grand and noble work ye'er doing!"

"Why, French, what do you mean?" said my father.

"Well, as there's no chance of ye'er ever seeing these trees grow up, I call it right grand and noble of ye to plant them."

Fortunately, as I have said, these forebodings were not justified. My dear father did see his trees grow up, and no one has ever left a name more closely identified with a property than he has, for he truly created a garden of delight out of a wilderness, and changed poverty and wretchedness into happiness and prosperity, and left a name which will ever be beloved and honoured.

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